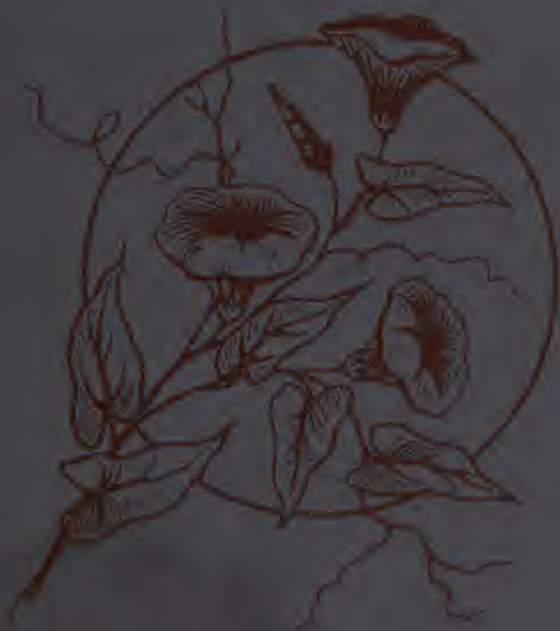
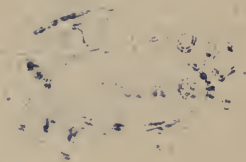


# BITS ABOUT AMERICA



By

John Strathearn







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BITS ABOUT AMERICA.



STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT PHILADELPHIA.

# BITS ABOUT AMERICA

BY

JOHN STRATHESK

AUTHOR OF "BITS FROM BLINKBONNY," "ELDER LOGAN'S STORY,"  
"THE 'COME' AND 'GO' TEXT BOOK," ETC.

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,  
An' faith he'll prent them."—*Burns.*

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OLIPHANT, ANDERSON, & FERRIER

1887

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# BITS ABOUT AMERICA.



## CHAPTER I.

### THE VOYAGE.

URING a visit which I made to America, in the early months of 1887, I wrote a series of articles which appeared in the *Edinburgh Scotsman* newspaper as "Bits from the Scrap-book of a Scot visiting America." I have been asked to put these into book form. In doing this, the following lines keep ringing in my ears; I recognise their note of warning and its need:—

"Oft has it been my lot to mark,  
A proud, conceited, talking spark,  
With eyes, that scarcely served at most  
To guard their owner 'gainst a post;  
Yet round the world the blade has been,  
To see whatever's to be seen,  
Returning from his finished tour,  
Grown ten times perter than before;

Whatever word you chance to drop,  
The travelled fool your mouth will stop ;  
Sir ! if my judgment you'll allow,  
I've seen, and sure I ought to know."

America is such an immense continent and subject, that only a small portion of it can be seen in a three months' tour ; still smaller is the portion which a stranger can describe or impartially compare with similar matters in his own land. I found that I had a good deal to unlearn as well as to learn, and that pride and conceit were lessened, rather than increased, by coming into contact with its extent and progress. I travelled alone, and only aim at giving some personal experiences or opinions as a visitor, not by any means as an authority,—some "Bits" of odds and ends as reminiscences of a very pleasant holiday.

I left Greenock on the evening of 24th February 1887 by the steamer *Devonia* of the "Anchor" Line. She halted at Moville to take on board passengers and goods from Ireland. The shores of Lough Foyle were lighted up by a bright sun, little villages were clustering on the hillside, whitewashed farm-houses dotted the slopes ; here and there a church tower or spire raised its graceful form above tree and hamlet, and right in front stood the ivy-clad, picturesque, hoary ruin of Greencastle, an old stronghold of the O'Dohertys. It was sad to see friend parting with friend as the "tender" was

about to leave for the shore ; it was sadder to see two tipsy young men helped across the gangway by the sailors, and to hear them hiccougging out in muddled tones, "The County Down for ever," "The County Down for ever," "God save Ireland." With this exception, all were sober and sedate ; after they had got their baggage attended to, much of it in little flat bags, they sat down or huddled together ; a good many had prayer-books, from which they quietly and devoutly read as the steamer ploughed its way westwards. Eagerly were many eyes strained to catch "the last glimpse of Erin," and, as it faded from view, one of the "tight boys" kept firing off his parting salute, "The County Down for ever," "God save Ireland." Pleasanter it was to hear a passenger repeat—

"While the waves are round me breaking,  
As I pace the deck alone,  
And the eye in vain is seeking  
Some green spot to rest upon,  
What would I not give to wander  
Where my dear companions dwell?  
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,  
Isle of Beauty!—Fare thee well."

Twelve days' tossing on the Atlantic in the good ship passed pleasantly. During the first three or four there were high gales, and many fellow-passengers were so "rocked in the cradle of the deep" that they were either invisible or very

“lily-livered.” If Neptune had confined his lullaby attentions to the night watches, the sad state of many would have been less visible ; but the angles of the suspended lamps, or those compound, dangerous-looking circular glass and decanter stands that dangled from the roof of the saloon, as well as the “hing” of the floors, were so *slantindicular*, so constantly, so suddenly, and so uncomfortably varied, that it was impossible to keep the balance of the body. With this the stomach sympathised, and even the mind felt quite at sea ; but by spare diet, principally cabin biscuits and iced water, I contrived to retain this plain fare, to assume “sea legs” soon, and make the best of a trying position.

During these days the *Devonia* was sailing directly in the face of strong head winds and heavy adverse tides ; sometimes she seemed to be gripped by these, and shaken from stem to stern, like a rat by a terrier when a “stack” of corn is being taken in, and the “ratting” is abundant and must be prompt. Bravely did she pursue her course, bounding over the waves or dashing right into them as they swept up to or over her. Sound were the “duckings” that many passengers got, ankle-deep were occasionally those on deck, as a “header” or a “roller” delivered an overflowing broadside. Many a time a blow was given by one of these that made the good ship shudder, and the passengers

stagger and reel ; but on she ploughed, tug-tugging away, so that one felt every stroke of the immense engine, and she never halted for eleven days (the engines making over 920,000 revolutions in that time), until we stopped to pick up a pilot from one of the trim, swift crafts that cruise often 400 miles out from New York. Well did Commander Young and his able crew deserve the expression of thanks and confidence presented to him by the unanimous vote of the saloon passengers.

As the sea became more thoughtful of those on its bosom, the cabin gradually filled, and the thirty-eight cabin passengers, by reading, chatting, music, and other socialities, became, and continued, a happy family until our arrival. An iceberg was sighted on the afternoon of the seventh day's sailing. Between us and the sun, at a distance, its outline reminded me of Stirling Castle's grey bulwarks. The thermometer, which had been standing about 50° Fahrenheit, kept falling for some time, and when abreast of the iceberg, it stood at 23°. Need I tell that hats were slouched, coat-necks uplifted, and ladies' heads and shoulders quickly beshawled with more regard to comfort than taste? When abreast of the ice mountain it became more like an Arctic hill, having a sharp peak at each end, a sloping plain in front, with indented outline from the hill bases to the ice cliffs, that sloped abruptly, and sheer into the sea.

The waves dashed far up against the mass, and fell backwards in thick spray. When we had passed this southward-bound, cold, solitary voyager, the sun fell full on its untrodden snow, giving just the least sensation of a yellow tinge to the dazzling whiteness, broken in a few spots by ice blocks sparkling like huge diamonds. The base, against which the waves were beating, was, for ten to twenty feet up, honeycombed and icicle-bedecked, showing that the sea was sturdily tackling this huge cold burden, and gradually absorbing it. Nothing more beautiful could be conceived than the effect produced by the combination of the ever restless but not angry sea,—the pure white snow, the soft blue of the sky, and the fleecy cloudlets that floated before it, so soft as merely to lighten, not obscure, the blue. There was a field of pack ice a little to the northward, and in or near it whales were seen. I admit that I saw, as I have seen on dry land, something “very like a whale,” and quite as like a high breaking wave.

Many of those on board tried to take sketches of the iceberg; but as we neared it, the outline changed so much, and the cold became so pronounced, that the tingling fingers proved too shivery-shakery to produce a satisfactory result. In shape and size it reminded me of the Island of Craigleith in North Berwick Bay, but it was



dumpier, sharper in the outline and slopes, with a rather higher peak at each end—and all white—*very* white.

After leaving this cold companion the weather improved, and on Tuesday, under a bright March sun, we entered the beautiful bay of New York. Patches of snow were on the enclosing heights, but the air was balmy and delicious. The Statue of Liberty, 300 feet high, held aloft her massive lamp; the spires and towers of the splendid city were beautifully defined against a sky of cloudless blue; the river was a busy scene, swarming with white-painted steamers, ferry boats, and craft of all sorts and sizes; and the passengers, loath to part, yet glad to reach the desired haven, were, 540 in all, safely landed in the metropolis of the west.

I, along with many others, did not think that the custom-house officers were by any means in a hurry. Each passenger had to mount guard on his or her luggage, and wait,—patiently, I can hardly say, for the expressions of a few were hardly Parliamentary,—until the chief of the customs was ready for them. Many, seated on trunks, reminded me of the picture of the “Emigrant,” by somebody or another. At length the official big man came and sent an “examiner.” The search was “pretty thorough.” Several had to follow the examiner into the receipt of custom, and pay with evident grudge the dollars

that they expected or tried to retain. At length "pass" was written on each package, and the immigrants and their belongings distributed themselves over the great city, or the great western world, never all to meet again.


One hearty fellow-voyager was sorely exercised about his watch, "A first-rate goer, an' new cleaned," as he termed it. He could not understand "what for it was half-an-hour 'fast' every day," although he was told in explanation that as we went westward the hour of sunrise changed. He "couldna see through that at a'." It was only after eight days' sailing that, finding his watch "at twelve o'clock at breakfast time," he began "to think that there was something in the change o' the sun's risin' after a'."

He was noisily angry at having to pay duty on some presents he had brought with him, and as I left the quay I heard him venting the old proverb, "There ne'er was a five-pound note but there was a ten-pound road for't."



## CHAPTER II.

### THE LATE HENRY WARD BEECHER.

S I parted from a most agreeable couple, a clergyman and his delightful lady, of Syracuse, New York county, who had been fellow-passengers, and would have honoured any nationality, Mr. C.'s last words were—"Now, be sure and go to hear Mr. Beecher." When I reached my hotel, the first news I heard—indeed, the talk of the entrance lobby, was, "Beecher is gone." The sudden and startling announcement led me back in thought to the days when I used to enjoy the terse, home-thrusting sayings of this great preacher and man, in his book of *Life Thoughts*, thirty years ago or thereabouts.

I also recalled his early passion for phrenology; his steadfast advocacy of temperance, especially his uncompromising and persistent denunciation of slavery, when it was rather dangerous to be outspoken on this "domestic institution." His public appearances in America and in England during the war between the North and the South were heroic.

Often in Liverpool and other towns, where cotton and commerce twisted the consciences of humanity and Christianity, he was hooted and howled down ; but he held on, and soon he was freely allowed to hold forth. His eloquence, and his fervid advocacy of the maintenance of the Union, contributed to the continued homogeneity of the Northern and Southern States ; and now that slavery is no more, the American nation, great, glorious, and free, may well place high on its roll of patriots and worthies the name of Henry Ward Beecher. The journals of the week have been full of him. There was an all but universal chorus of honour to the self-made, self-sacrificing, self-reliant minister of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and a feeling that a mighty power, because a mighty heart, "after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers." The newspapers of America provide their readers with the facts and surroundings of his death,—the outpouring of the sympathy of all classes and creeds for the widow and family ; the tribute which his fellow-townsmen, America, and the world have paid to his memory ; the absence, in accordance with the frequently and strongly expressed opinions of the deceased on this subject, of the ordinary trappings of woe and sorrow in the funeral arrangements, alike in home, church, and city ; the dressing of his body for the coffin in the

full garb he usually wore as a living man ; the loads upon loads of flowers that have been laid above, around, or near him ; and the high-toned resignation of his nearest and dearest relatives—Mrs. Beecher having gone out for a drive, on the solicitation of her family, between the death and the funeral.

I went by the Suspension Bridge Railway,—one of the most beautiful objects in the place, as well as a great triumph of engineering,—from New York to Brooklyn on the day of his funeral, and observed that the flags on the shipping and the city heights were half-mast high. Being without the badge of the Press, it was some time before I was permitted to enter the street in which Plymouth Church stands. This gave me an opportunity of seeing an American crowd. Various nationalities were represented ; the majority were good specimens of English, French, and German mixed ; a few had the typical and sharp features attributed to 'cute Americans. Coloured folks were there, from the Negro to the Octoroon, many of them elegantly dressed, some seedy, and a seedy Sambo is very downy. Carriages brought or waited for people, the coachmen heavily fur-tipped, the horses light, and some fine, mostly with short tails like hunters. The fashionable fast-trotting steed, harnessed lightly, and without collar—with the traces in front of the chest—to a large light-wheeled buggy, brought a few. The greater number came

on foot. All were quiet, orderly, and well conducted. There was a little chaffing and coaxing of the policemen (very handsome men, all that I have seen) by several persons not provided with tickets of admission to allow them to pass, at least to the front of the church; but in vain. I failed to convince one lieutenant of my half-right, half-desire to be admitted to the chapel; but, getting within hail of a captain, I produced a Continental passport, with the prominent red seal of the City of Edinburgh, and a Press recommendation, which procured me access into the chapel.

It stands in a quiet side street, which has some old trees on each side and several young ones, forming a kind of boulevard. The chapel is plainness itself, brick-built, very red, with plain windows and doors, and bears, a little under the overhanging roof, the inscription,

PLYMOUTH CHAPEL,

1849.

“Crammed” is no exaggeration for the inside of the building; still all was quiet. I was too late for the opening services, but heard the beautiful music. Round and round the outer walls and the front of the gallery were festoons; against the walls, at short spaces, were small trees and evergreens; the rounded corners of the gallery panelling were embowered

in green, picked out with white lilies, roses, lotos, azaleas, etc.; the massive organ, which stands behind the platform, was covered with evergreens, clustering with white flowers; the "Beecher" pew, the only one unoccupied in the church, was full of wreaths, bouquets, and chaplets; and in the centre, immediately before the reading desk, lay the coffin, smothered in green and white—lily of the valley, lotos, camellias, maiden-hair, smilax, etc.; while the late preacher's chair, lost in flowers, was surmounted by the coronal wreath of the 13th Regiment N.Y. and C.V., bearing the inscription "Our Chaplain." Red and pink roses, pale "Marechal Neils," etc., enveloped the plain reading desk, on which lay the Bible. I was told that Mr. Beecher's chair and desk in the lecture-room were made of wood from "The Mount of Olives," and are not to be used again. The clock in the centre panel of the gallery was also decked, but behind the green surroundings could be seen its plain old-fashioned face, plain as that in the Scottish Burgher Kirks of old. The gallery runs all round, and is seated up to the organ, so that many must sit behind the minister; there is a small upper gallery, with projecting front, near the ceiling, facing the minister; the pews, etc., are painted white, with a mahogany rail on the top. The roof is concave and high.

All denominations were represented. Not the

least interesting occupants of the platform were ten of the coloured clergy, honouring themselves by honouring their champion and friend. Dr. C. H. Hall's sermon was grand and heart-stirring. He broke down, and so did many, as he told "that on the last Sunday evening Henry Ward Beecher was in his church, after service, the organist and some of the choir were practising the hymn—

‘I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
“Come unto me and rest.”’

Beecher in retiring halted to listen. Two poor boys had gone into the church, and were listening with apparent awe and pleasure. Mr. Beecher laid his hand on one boy's head, turned up his face, and kissed him; and with his arm about the two, left this scene of his triumphs, his trials, and successes for ever. It was a fitting close to a grand life: the old man of genius and fame, shielding the little wanderers,—great in breasting traditional ways and prejudices, great also in the gesture, so like him, that recognised, as did His Master, that the humblest and the poorest were his brethren—the great preacher led out into the night by the little nameless waifs.”

I passed the coffin twice, once on each side, and looked on that face, at rest—*at home*. Both glances very forcibly reminded me of the face of a divine and a poet lately gone over to the majority. I



withhold the name, lest friends on both sides should misunderstand me, but I took the second glance to confirm my first impression, and it more than did so. Slowly, reverently, lovingly, did thousands pass to view that face, and even at ten o'clock at night, when the chapel was closed, there were thousands of waiting ones, disappointed. To the left of the speaker was a floral device bearing, "I will praise Thee, Lord, with the harp. I will be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness." In the hymn-book handed to me, *The Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes for Christian Congregations*, I found, including supplements, 1464 hymns and 26 doxologies. The last hymn (1464) was by the sainted M'Cheyne, of Dundee, "Jehovah Tsidkenu,"

"I once was a stranger to grace and to God."

I retired through the large lecture hall behind the church, where "his" chair and lecture table were swathed in flowers, and bound about with wide satin ribbons. I passed through the crowd of waiters-on about a quarter of a mile from the church, and it extended in both directions as far as I could see.

The following Sabbath evening services brought upon one platform "Calvinist and Catholic, Israelite and Swedenborgian, Episcopalian and Universalist, Baptist and Unitarian, and Methodist,—all came to lay a chaplet of loving words on the altar of

the church." Would that all whose actions tend to increase the already too wide breach among Christian churches had been present to learn the lesson of that meeting—that Henry Ward Beecher, although many differed from him theologically, politically, and in other important respects, was recognised by men of all creeds as a man of God, a man of prayer, a man of power, and an apostle of freedom, temperance, and love. He was a multi-lateral man, concrete, fearless, and genuine; had amalgamated the organic remains of Puritan, Methodist, Quaker, and citizen that influenced his youth, and transformed them into a homogeneous power, more than a forty-parson power, which was not only tremendous, but mobile and aye ready. Nature and Art, boyhood's joys and age's wisdom, fact and fiction, all that was beautiful or great became a collecting ground whence he drew fresh thoughts and sprinkled them over the world. Peace to his ashes! Well does such a life warrant the palm of victory even here, rather than the conventional sable and sadness. He rests. He is crowned; but his works of faith and labour of love remain. Truth and freedom, effort and humanity, will long cherish the life-work of Henry Ward Beecher.

I had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Beecher's sister, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, etc., in her pretty home at Hartford,



Connecticut, and found her hale and hospitable. She spoke of the early home at Litchfield, Conn., where their father, the Rev. Lyman Beecher, was pastor of the Congregational Church; of their sturdy New England ancestry, dating back, on both sides, to the settlement of New Haven in 1638; of her brother Henry's student days; of his first small church in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, on the Ohio, where he had to eke out his income by working a small farm; of his removal, after two years' ministry, to Indianapolis, where he remained eight years, during part of which he was an editor and journalist; and of his coming to Brooklyn in 1847.

She told that her father's mind got weak during his last illness, and while waiting on him he asked abruptly, "Who are you?"

"I am your daughter Harriet," answered she.

"My daughter Harriet? I have no daughter Harriet; you are imposing upon me; go away, go away."

On relating this incident to her brother Henry, he was horrified and said, "I hope and pray that I may be in possession of my full powers and faculties up to my last illness, and that that illness will be brief. I have a great horror of growing less vigorous mentally, and I shrink from a long death-bed."

"And," she added, "he has had his wish; his was


a most enviable death, and the surroundings of his funeral have been what he often urged upon others, that bereaved ones should give evidence that they believed in their departed being 'with Christ and far better,'—using the event as an occasion for the expression of thankful joy, that Death had been swallowed up in victory, that the dead friends had *really* entered into the 'JOY of the Lord,' and were more alive than ever—wearing the CROWN of Life."

The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler thus expressed himself at one of the numerous funeral services:—

"FRIENDS AND FELLOW-TOWNSMEN,—The same funeral bells which sounded the knell of Grant, Hancock, and Logan, are tolling their requiem over another warrior for liberty and the nation's life. . . . To my dying day I shall retain that vision of Henry Ward Beecher, the prince of pulpit orators, the trumpet-tongued advocate of the oppressed, the defender of his country abroad, the lover of nature from the cedar to the hyssop on the wall, the lover of his fellow-men, the victorious warrior whose tongue was a flaming sword for the defence of freedom and the rights of man. Henry Ward Beecher, hail and farewell!"

## CHAPTER III.

### RAILWAYS.

 WONDER you Britishers stand these pokey, stuffy little railway cars," said a fellow-traveller of Scotch birth but long residence in America on one of my early railway journeys. "They ain't the size of a two-horse 'bus ; then they're divided into cells, with double doors, and you're often locked in."

"They're not safe," said his wife, a born American. "You might be murdered and pitched out without anybody knowing,—leastways lots have been. I once was in a car in England, and, jest as it was starting, in came a fellow. I hollered, and got into another carriage with some women in it. English cars ain't a 'circumstance' to ours."

She looked an able-bodied "Amazon," dangerous to meddle with, and was on the offside of fifty ; still she did not relish her plain-spoken husband's "Well, mother, *you* ain't got much to fear ; he'd be a queer sort that you couldn't double up, you bet."

As he finished, a darkey with a can of iced water came alongside ; a draught of this had a cooling effect upon her. I knew so little of the manners and customs of the "road," that I was surprised she did not think of paying for this luxury.

"You have no system at all in Britain," continued she ; "your porters either do not call out the names of the depôt, or do it when nobody can hear them. Then what a fussy mess about baggage. Why, in this here country, we show our ticket, get a check with the same number on it as the label they hang on the trunks, and think no more about it till we are near our destination, when an 'express' man comes round the cars ; you give him the check, tell him where you wish it taken, and for a few cents it is home as soon as you. When I was in England I saw dozens of porters in big depôts a-scurrying round the baggage-waggon, and all the passengers a-shoutin' an' pickin' out their belongin's. At Glasgow depôt, a big box squoze my toes awful. It's downright stoopid, it is. You have three porters in Britain for one in America, and most of them's duffers. I once got the wrong baggage."

"That sometimes happens," was my reply. "I once found that a newly-married bride had mistaken my portmanteau for hers at Gilsland Station. I only found this out at Carlisle, too late to exchange them that night."

“Rather awk’ard that,” said her husband,—“rather, I guess.”

“Honeymooners,” replied she, “han’t got eyes for ordinary things, they’s too fixed on t’other; and your portmanteaus ain’t like our trunks; we have our ’nitals printed on them, and they’re always all right.”

“That would have suited a commercial traveller,” said I, “in the jewellery trade, who, when journeying from Dublin to Cork, put his precious trunk under the guard’s care, with long and strong orders to keep it all right.

“‘I’ll do that, yer honour,’ said the guard.

“At the first station out popped his head, and out popped the question, ‘Guard, is my trunk all right?’

“‘All right, sur; never a man’ll touch it till we get to Cork.’

“Next station the same question was asked, and the guard, evidently nettled, said, ‘If ye doubt my word, ye can come an’ sit on the top of it, sur.’

“At the next stoppage the restless traveller asked very emphatically, ‘Guard, are you *sure* that my trunk is all right?’

“This was too much for Pat; his eye brightened with a roguish smile, and, touching his hat, he said, ‘Why, sur, I’ve been thinking as we were doing the last run that, if yer honour had been an ELE-

PHANT instead of an ASS, you would always have carried your trunk where your nose is, and could have kept it "all right" by poppin' it under your arm.'"

"That was fixin' him; Paddy had him there, sure," replied my fellow-travellers, and the lady went off to have a talk with Missis Stratton. The gentleman drifted back in thought to Scotland, talked of the fourth class of carriages in his young days at Greenock, the "standing trucks" as he, "the congregation of the upright" as Dr. Ritchie called them.

And when, shortly after, the couple left the train, he was laughing heartily, for the "cockles of his old Scotch heart were tickled" with the Scotch herd laddie's exclamation when he first saw a train,—"Faither, faither, come oot, come oot, quick; here's a smiddy rinnin' awa' wi' a raw o' houses, an' it'll be round the end o' the toon in a minute."

A brisk retail trade is sometimes done in the cars. First comes a newsboy; after him a seller of "candy," an article of considerable consumption by passengers of all ages, and, where it gets into the hands of children, not conducive to their cleanliness, or that of the seats or passengers, for it appears in the hand and disappears in the mouth several times before its final dissolution. Next appeared a travelling stationer with pocket atlases, cheap novels,



"just outs" magazines, 'llustrateds, and views of local scenery; dropping tempting books on the knees of passengers, but not greatly pressing sales, for the commerce of America is generally one of few words. At some stations the local newspapers are smartly offered throughout the train during the brief halt, as well as some distinctive production of the district. Travelling caps and other "requisites" were shown round. Fruit and bakemeats were on sale, but there was little pressing or pushing a trade.

There was "no lack of good tobacco;" and, while the smoking carriage was well patronized, the ordinary carriages were *quite* free from the second-hand fumes of Lady Tobacco, which is more than can be said for British compartments.

I found the railway system of America, on the whole, easier and more pleasant than the British system. Iced water was either carried through the cars, or to be had in each, and there was a lavatory in every car. Need I add that these little things are great comforts. The carriages are very long, on bogey wheels, with a passage through the centre of each car, so that the conductor can go from end to end of the train; and passengers, if not pleased with one carriage, can go to another easily. The seats are for two on each side, comfortably stuffed. The backs can be reversed, so as either to have your

face or your back to the engine. The cars are heated with stoves or steam, well lighted by oil or gas, with sun-blinds or solid ones, and altogether sweet and nice. The conductor looks at tickets *en route*, politely gives information, and distinctly announces in each car the next stoppage.

If you have not secured your ticket in any of the numerous "ticket offices" to be found in hotels and streets, the conductor provides you with one, but charges 10 cents (5d.) extra, for which he gives you a "check" bearing the amount he received. On presenting this "check" at the booking office, the 5d. is refunded, and this insures that the conductor pays what he draws. Some suspicious people doubt if such "fares" are as regularly accounted for in Britain. Not infrequently the conductor provides a programme of the route, giving the names and distances of the stations, which proves very handy. He also looks after the ventilation and temperature, there being a thermometer in each car to guide him.

The sides of the railway are often unprotected, and the stations on the main street are often without gate or fence. The law throughout the country in this and many other matters, seems to be that every one is expected to be able to look after himself. The locomotive bell rings on entering or leaving a town; the railway track is evidently a public thoroughfare;



and I have rarely seen anything but "level crossings," without either gate or porter—only a warning "to look out for the locomotive." Where gates are in large towns they are light sparred things, painted white, with a small red flag on them, that are erect when open and horizontal while shut, but do not span or block the line as in Britain.

Upon the much-frequented routes and between the large American commercial centres the railway transit is rapid, but in less populous regions it is leisurely, and the service warrants the name of "slow" trains. It is therefore common to travel by the evening trains, as they frequently go quicker, and are provided with the "Pullman sleeper" cars, with which many in Britain are familiar. These are much more largely used in America, and constitute the "first" class; for there are not the varieties of 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, but one uniform rate for all, excepting the "palace" cars.

A lady from Scotland thus described her first experience of a sleeping car:—"I thought we would never get into our berth, for there were men and women in the car. I wondered if they would take off their clothes at all. At length I saw a lady take off her boots and disappear behind the curtains. Soon her husband came; she handed him her clothes to put in the upper berth, which was empty. He then partially undressed, and, after being behind the

curtain for a little, appeared in a long coloured night-dress, and put his clothes also into the upper berth. Shortly after that, a young lady mounted the steps brought to her by the steward, and disappeared in the upper berth opposite ours. I wondered how I would get to the ladies' dressing-room in the morning, and thought I would watch what this lady did. She called for the steps at daybreak, came down in a dark-coloured night-dress, and, taking her clothes in her hand, like a 'wee bairn' coming to dress at the fireside, she walked quite coolly to the ladies' dressing-room. It brought me in mind of the 'box beds' of my young days. But what would some canny Scotch folk think of such a mixture?"

A refreshment car often formed part of the train, and comfortable meals at moderate prices could be had, but there was no "bar," so that they did not quite come up to Mr. Dunlop's description of the steward's cabin on board the steamer, when asked how he enjoyed the voyage—"Fine, man, fine; a public-house a' the way."

I am old enough to remember the determined opposition that many of our most useful railways had to face from proprietors, on the score of "injuring the amenity of their property," and of the enormous prices got by lairds through whose lands they passed for small strips of indifferent or useless land. The American railways have been more

fortunate ; they got large grants of lands and concessions to induce them to construct their lines, which have proved sources of considerable profit. The increase of American railways is fabulous, and daily becoming more so. I was told there were nearly 170,000 miles in operation, or in course of construction.

The railway is the friend of all, and the single lines are the pioneers of greater things. These are carried through the vast plains generally in lines, as straight as the traditional one drawn by the late Emperor Nicholas of Russia on the map with a " ruler " between St. Petersburg and Moscow, when asked concerning some engineering difficulties as to the route.

A village or " town " generally commences by the erection of a smithy, followed by a drug store, a " saloon " or beer-shop, and other traders. The railway not only erects a small station or depot, often with telegraphic conveniences, but nearly every one has an enormous wooden " tun " erected at a height sufficient to supply the engine with water, and higher than the " tun " is a " windmill " pump. The moving power is shaped like an umbrella, with the lower part of the ribs covered with short " Venetian " spars, while the upper part is bare. It is guided into the proper direction by a flat paddle like the " feather end " of an arrow, assumes nearly as many

curious positions as a real umbrella takes during a March wind, and it keeps whirling and pumping away. They are showily painted, look graceful, and are found in great numbers everywhere. This source of cheap and available power has largely fallen into disuse in Scotland. I can recall the large flapping arms of one that used to swing its huge bulk round the old tower between Braid Burn and Powburn, still called the "windmill." Can Great Britain afford to ignore this and many other sources of power when America uses and needs them? Can she?

Many of the railway lines are unfenced, but the Company is responsible for injury, and the train is occasionally stopped by "cattle on the line." In not a few districts logs are used as fuel, accounting for the peculiar shape of some of the funnels, well known through engravings. American railways issue showy and even sensational time-tables with maps, and each declares that it is the nearest, cheapest, safest, most picturesque, and best. I recommend travellers not to be entirely guided by such puffs. "All aboard" is the guard's way of announcing a start; and in fully 4000 miles of travelling to and fro I found time well kept, everything pleasant, and no mishap.

## CHAPTER IV.

### EASTHAMPTON.

**M**Y first experience of American country life was in Easthampton, Mass. On the way the snow was lying thickly, ponds and rivers were frozen (middle of March), and the route was along a swampy, foresty, fieldy country, with a fine background of hills and cliffs, relieved and rendered picturesque by the leafless trees in black against the snow. The friend I went to visit was a Mid-Lothian laddie, who left Scotland forty years ago, and is now a naturalized American.

The ties that bound us, freshened by very occasional letters, were various, and had stood the forty years' strain well. We lived in the same village, were in the same class at the parish school, and generally near the bottom of it—never “Dux”—but no wonder, when the Dux is now a belted knight, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjaub, with half of the alphabet after his name, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., LL.D. We got palmies together, played and “dookit”

together in "Hardie's Pool," and—full proof of boys being "thick"—kent o' birds' nests in common, to say nothing of following "Tally Ho," or Geordie Denholm and the "Gardener's Walk" band.

Although neither of us has been presented at Court, we had an interview with Her Most Gracious Majesty on 14th September 1842, of which the Editor of *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands* takes no notice; contenting himself with, "At half-past three o'clock we (the Queen and Prince Albert) went out with the Duchess of Buccleuch, only Colonel Bouverie riding with us. We drove through Melville Park to Roslin." I supply the omission by a quotation from my friend's letter, dated 12th September 1886:—"I was very much interested in the Queen's visit to the Edinburgh Exhibition. It recalled 1842. Do you remember two boys, sent by the crowd at Melville Gate to watch the Queen when she rounded 'Nancy's Knowe,' so as to give them warning? One boy ran like a deer to tell the crowd—the other, red-headed and bare-legged, could not keep up, so had to fall behind, but did noble service to his Queen and country, by keeping pace with the royal equipage till the gate was reached—hurrahing as well as the best of them?"

Yes, Jamie, I remember that; but you forgot to relate that the two young rogues had been swinging



on an upper gate ; that when the carriage came forward it closed with a spring ; that the horses were restive ; that we did not know what the Queen said to us at first, but answered Eh ? Then followed the "interview," opening of the gate, the race, and our urging the old gate-wife "to be quick an' open the gate, for here was the Queen," to which she replied, "I maun get on a white apron an' a clean mutch<sup>1</sup> first, Queen or no Queen ;" and it was only after she had got herself made trim that she came out, made a "laigh curtsey," and opened the gate.

The grasp at meeting was a warm one. He looked younger than I expected,—younger than his now grey-bearded schoolfellow,—and "Auld Langsyne" was performed to the letter during my visit. From the station we spanked to his home in a sleigh, with its tinkling bells and easy motion. That night and on many others, indeed into the small hours of the morning generally, we talked of schoolboy and early apprenticeship days, and the ups and downs of ourselves and our old classmates and friends.

We had one especially delightful sleigh ride together behind a grand thorough-bred mare, "Jenny," who bowled us over the country roads and past the snug farmhouses of New England, with her crested mane, high head, and nimble legs ; we cleaving the dry air, which, although the thermometer was low,

<sup>1</sup> A white cap with a very capacious border.

was rather cool than cold, and most exhilarating. Occasionally in passing vehicles we had to track into snow two feet deep—easily done ; at other times we had a two or three miles' clear run—grand.

Halting at a Scotsman's house in Florence, we met a Scottish welcome, flanked by cream cakes and other confectionery mysteries, washed down by two samples of "American dew,"—one called "Monangehela" another "Bourbon,"—both most palatable, and, considering the weather, seasonable. Thence we sleighed to Northampton, saw Jonathan Edwards' church, and home, and tree, and the pleasant, beautiful residences of this fashionable summer resort ; then back to our quarters with "Jenny," frisky and swift. I was told that my visit was at a wrong season. Perhaps it was ; but had I been later, I would have had no sleighing, which, now that I have had it, I would like to repeat.

Easthampton is a busy, straggling town of over 5000 inhabitants, its industries being cotton-spinning and weaving,—buttons,—india-rubber wares,—etc. In the centre is an open square with a small garden-park, fine trees, and a bandstand. Around it are several fine churches, an elegant Town Hall, and the handsome buildings of the "Williston Seminary," founded and endowed by the late Samuel Williston, a worthy man, who most successfully carried on the manufacture of covered buttons and woven



elastic goods in the town. He was a liberal giver to all good objects. In the founder's original deed of gift these words occur, "Goodness without knowledge is powerless to do good ; knowledge without goodness is powerful to do evil." It was one of the first institutions to teach applied science, laboratory practice in chemistry, and field practice in surveying.

Boulevards of trees overarch the wide streets and well-made concrete pavements. The houses in the centre of the town are mostly built of brick, but in the side streets, largely of wood ; neat, snug, and cosy-like ; standing in "lots," with plot before and garden behind ; painted white, with windows green or brown ; nice porches and verandahs ; and, being all "self-contained" villa style, they are a fair distance apart from one another ; hence the town, like many others, is a "town of distances." The coal used in the north-west and in New England is anthracite-smokeless,—leaving the air pure and the linen decent. The houses are heated by stoves that give great heat at little expense, but want the "bonnie blithe blink o' ane's ain fireside."

One of my host's sons was a member of a volunteer corps, called, I think, the "Hill Band Corps" (after its patron, Mr. Hill). He was in full regimentals one evening, preparing to take part in a concert to be given in the Town Hall in aid of the

funds of the "Grand Army of the Republic." This is an association, established about ten years after the close of the rebellion of 1865, to befriend old soldiers or their widows and orphans, and was, I believe, founded by General Gordon. There is also a "Woman's Relief Auxiliary Corps," whereby thousands of ladies combine to visit, discover, and assist female relatives of soldiers that may need help.

I went to the Town Hall, and found it a large, elegant building capable of containing 1200 easily, with lower halls, committee rooms, etc. The entertainment was largely dramatic, and the principal actors were men that had been soldiers in the Federal army—residents in the town, of which there were over two dozen on the stage. The *rôles* of the ladies were filled by amateurs—indeed, all were townsfolks, excepting A. F. Nail, of Mansfield, Ohio, who "runs" the piece, trains the amateurs, and plays the leading part of "Uncle Joe," a negro slave, to perfection. He is the "Bailie Nicol Jarvie" of the story. The play is entitled, "The Drummer Boy; or, the Battlefield of Shiloh," arranged from incidents of the late war by Comrade S. J. Muscroft, and begins by a scene of a Northern farmer entertaining Southern visitors.

Learning of the outbreak of the rebellion, high words pass between "North and South" at their

parting. The Northern farmer's three boys wish to go to fight. One of them, Johnnie, seems too young, but begs to be even a drummer boy, and, in a touching scene, gets his mother's consent. The music was fine; the tunes in this act were—"Way down upon the Swannee River," and "Home, sweet Home." The battle scenes were taken part in by actual veterans,—the "Northerns" marching to the tune of "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave," and the "Southerns" to that of "Dixie's Land." To hear these sung by men to whom they are patriotic anthems produces a very different impression from hearing them bawled to offensive and slang words, as is too often done in Britain.

There was a very fair representation of actual fighting, of the apprehension and execution of spies, while "Uncle Joe," played by Mr. Nail, admirably brought out the faithful negro, his "foraging expedition," with its promiscuous result of a hen, a potato, and a cabbage—his "innocence" when caught by the enemy—his delight at getting a letter, which he cannot read, but turns up and down to guess at—his asking his master when reading it to read ten million times the first sentence, "My darling old Joe"—his tricks, vagaries, hits, and acting altogether made the piece brilliant, and he was ably supported by the soldiers and amateurs.

The most striking scene was the Southern prison

of Andersonville, where two of the brothers were confined and starved, because the South was so blockaded as to have nothing to feed its army, much less its prisoners. There Johnnie the "Drummer Boy" is shot, and laid on the dead line. There the Northern men relieve the others to the tune of "Tramp, tramp, my boys, we're marching." Thence they start and return home to the tune of "We'll all feel gay when Johnnie comes marching home" (which jarred on the ear after Johnnie's sad fate), "Singing the battle cry of freedom," and American words set to the tune of "God save the Queen," beginning "My country, 'tis of thee." When the sad news reached the Northern farmer's home, a sweet voice, unseen, sang,—

"There's a land that is fairer than day,  
And by faith we can see it afar,  
For the Father waits over the way  
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

*Chorus.*—In the sweet by and by,  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore ;"

and in the farmer's hall "Drummer Johnnie's" dirge was finely sung in

"We shall meet, but we shall miss him ;  
There will be one vacant chair ;"

while all ended with "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle."

The audience was enraptured, and the result, I have been informed, of the four days' entertainment was £50 to the fund. I met several of the old soldiers, and had from them thrilling statements of their experience. Many of them were quiet, earnest men; much had to be drawn out of them. I have found all over the part of the United States I visited an intense regard for the heroes of 1860-65. Monuments in every town—expensive and graceful; banners in every City Hall; trophies here and there; and annually, on "Commemoration Day," a fresh small American flag is planted on each of their graves. Commemoration Hall at Harvard University, one of the finest in the States, was erected to their memory, and for all easy Government posts an old "1865" has the "running."

Splendid panoramas or dioramas or cycloramas were in each town of the battles of Gettysburg, etc. The foreground has actual corn sheaves, fields, cabins, cannons, trees, and muskets; the painted part is so exquisitely done as to prove deceptive. It takes long looking to believe that it is a painting—a friend wagered upon "smoke" being real, but although he lost he is still unconvinced. The painting of horses "in action" of all kinds is marvellous. Need I add that such exhibitions are intensely popular?

Washington has its princely institution for old soldiers, more like a ducal domain, adorned with ponds, swans, and fine timber. The Pension Office is large, and the "appropriation" enormous.

So much for the Northern soldiers. What of the Southern? Of course nothing "national." But their friends have seen to them, as far as they would allow themselves to be seen to. One fact I have on good authority, that in Lexington, Kentucky, an institution was provided for disabled Southern soldiers, but they could hardly catch one to enter it. They did get one old fellow with a wooden leg to venture in, but he would not remain, and the institution seems in a fair way of being sold, and the purchase-money returned to the subscribers.

The "scarlet" fever was an old complaint in Britain when the soldier's dress was the red coat. America has also a touch of the "war-and-glory" mania, but it is more in memory and theory than in fact. Our cousins are too wise to cripple themselves, as some European Governments are now doing, by "arming to the teeth." Until there is immense risk of explosion, Jonathan bides his time. Long may he seek peace and pursue it. I cannot recall having seen a single United States regular soldier throughout my entire tour. They seem few and far between; this cannot be said



of European kingdoms, where they swarm like locusts, and by their immense numbers almost provoke and would enjoy war.

Longfellow was right when he wrote,—

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals and forts ;

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !  
And every nation, that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease ;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace !"

Peace ! and no longer from the brazen portals  
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.



## CHAPTER V.

### CITIES.



WILL not attempt to treat at any length of the prominent cities of America. My visit was too hurried to admit of my doing them justice, and they spring into existence so suddenly, or become "great centres" of special industries so quickly, that I could not gauge their importance. Indeed, "importance" is a relative term. Twenty years ago I accompanied a college-bred Glasgowiegian and his London friend on a visit to Melrose and Abbotsford. Knowing the district, I did my best to point out the objects of interest on the route, such as the battlefields of Falkirk, Pinkie, and Prestonpans; or Niddrie, Borthwick, and Crichton Castles. "London" was alert and delighted—"Glasgow" was bilious, and showed no signs of interest until we reached Galashiels. Its large factories aroused him. After passing a few of them, he said briskly, "This is an important place," and as more of the many-windowed blocks came into sight, he declared vigorously, "This is a most important place. I

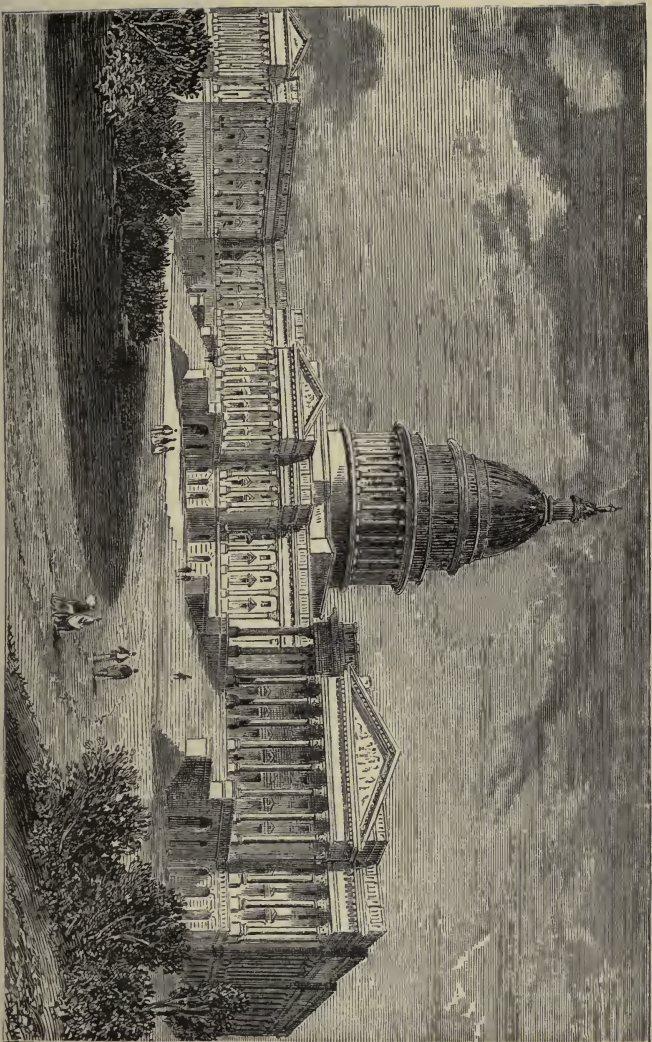
had no idea that Galashiels was such an important place." Which nobody can deny.

The general impression I formed of the cities of America was favourable, although many of them are so flat that, like "Jeanie Deans," we were weary o' sic tracts o' level ground, and "glad to hear there's a hill," even if "it's a murder to post-horses." In all new towns, and in many old ones, the streets are wider than in Britain. The "causeway" in many greatly needs improvement, as does also the paving of the footways, excepting where this has been done in "concrete," which is cleverly and solidly laid. The numbering of the streets, from 1 and upwards, instead of naming them "Queen's," "Princes" Street, etc., if not so euphonious, renders it easy to find any place or to guess its whereabouts. Fancy getting 2849 Washington Street as an address, or No. 41 26th Street, West.

There is a Republican freedom in the coolness with which, even in such busy streets as Broadway, New York, huge bales or boxes of goods are left on the pavements, either by lorries or for lorries to lift, around which the pedestrian has to engineer his way. Not infrequently he has to wait until the planks which are used to convey these from the pavement to the store, or *vice versa*, have served their purpose, or to step over them. In other streets the waggons are "backed" as near

the stores as possible, planks stretched, and one must either go round by the horses' heads, or jump the planks, or wait until the waggoner ready to move; this in "warehouse" streets makes walking leisurely and ticklish. The rutty nature of the causeway is not improved by damp weather, but the "Boot-blacks"—very prominent features of the street corners, with their chairs canopied by huge umbrellas—get more work thereby, and thus far, trade is encouraged—a great matter in the New World.

Cities vie with each other in handsome city halls or capitols. Of these, very properly, the senatorial Capitol of the entire United States at Washington is the grandest, with its towering white dome, its hundreds of marble pillars, and beautiful surroundings. It occupies an elevated, commanding site, and is the most effective building I have seen in any part of the world—solid, vast, and imposing. From its pinnacle a beautiful view is had of the Botanical Gardens, parks, and palatial buildings of the city, such as the White House, Patent Office, Post Office, Museums, and Treasury; of the broad sweeping bends of the smooth-flowing Potomac river; of the hills of Virginia and Maryland in the background, dotted with mansions, colleges, the "Soldiers' Home," and other buildings, embosomed in woods. It is a city of "magnificent distances,"



THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.



wide streets, with boulevards of trees on each side, while small parks are very common, and graceful statues too numerous to mention. It is becoming the residential town of the wealthy, and is, in American phrase, "quite a place."

The capitol of the State of Connecticut, at Hartford, is an imposing and chaste building; that of Philadelphia is an immense, unfinished, too ornate structure of solid marble, and, from the time already occupied in its erection, it gives fair promise to be the capitol, as Cologne is the cathedral, of the millennium. In New York, Chicago, and other cities the post offices and court-houses are elegant; many of the warehouses are magnificent erections, in marble, granite, or fine stone, so grand that one regrets they are in streets where their architectural beauties cannot be studied, even at very great risk to the neck. Internally they are gorgeously finished, sometimes stretching upwards to fourteen flats. The system of "elevators" or "hoists" is universal, with elegantly furnished "cages," and occasionally four shafts are found, in full ascent or descent, in one block.

The streets of all the new cities are wide, and along the sides stretch fine trees, giving at once beauty and grateful shade. The public parks are numerous and elegant, notably those of Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, and Central Park, New York.



The latter is quite a triumph of landscape gardening; the irregular and rocky natural features of it having been cleverly made to minister to the picturesque. It is a favourite place with nurses and children, and has nice quiet corners for them. For older boys or girls it has "merry-go-rounds," where the riders tilt with little swords at rings lightly held round the sides, the feat being to get the "swordies" well ring-covered. There are zoological gardens, free to all, evidently a great attraction, with their lions, tigers, elephants, bisons, prairie dogs, and, of course, monkeys; a large pond for boating, a smaller one, still of fair size, where good-sized model boats gracefully skim and sail, to the delight of the boy-commanders on shore, besides miles of walks and flower-beds.

Driving is much more common in America than in Britain. It sometimes struck me that folks were ashamed to be seen walking. In the public parks and fashionable thoroughfares, carriages of all kinds swarm, from the four-in-hand and flashy tandem down to the "billy buggy." The wheels and machines are generally light. Ladies handle the "ribbons" frequently and well. I was told that "every woman in America could hitch up a horse and liked driving." Many of the horses were fine, but there was a mixture of "Rosinantes." On the equestrian courses, the "Rotten Rows," there



was generally a fine turn-out of horses, and in every town there were little posts planted at short distances apart, with rings for "hitching the animile" to, when the driver was shopping or calling, where often for hours the poor horses stood quietly amongst snow. There was no opening for the chance penny so dear to boys for "haudin' a horse."

Tramways are in every town, even very small ones, and my opinion is in favour of the "cable" as compared with the "horse" system. In Chicago the "cable" system has supplanted, or is fast supplanting, the "horse." The original cost of the track is greater, but on a comparison of costs of working during the past five years, the "cable" cost  $5\frac{3}{4}$ d. per mile per car, while those drawn by horses cost 1s. per mile. In speed, in ease of starting and stopping, the "cable" also "has it."

Despite the severe snowstorms of America, by having the power of heating the air under the track by steam pipes, and an effective cable-drawn snow-plough, the old system of clearing the tracks by great teams of horses—almost a hopeless task, as well as a cruel and slow process—has been abandoned, with the result that, to quote from a published report, "the cable lines of this Company have never lost a single trip from snow, frost, or ice upon the track."

Other advantages are the absence of the clatter of horses' hoofs, the cleanliness of the track, the pre-

vention of what often seems cruelty to animals ; and these have resulted in a decided enhancement of the value of property where the "cable" system has superseded the "horse" plan. There is no wear of the centre of the track ; indeed, its cleanly and perfect condition makes it the favourite, sometimes the only, "footway" in winter. The cars have wooden "fenders" all round, rendering it impossible for any one to get under the wheels. One insane lady threw herself across the track, and was pushed aside, "weel shaken," but otherwise uninjured.

The power is derived from two pairs of engines of 500 horse-power each. One pair amply suffices for all the work, but the other can be started on short notice if required. The boilers in use are the "Babcock and Willcox," four in number, 250 horse-power each, one or two being in reserve for any emergency. Occasionally a train of three cars is seen gliding along. At a certain point one is disconnected, and by an ingenious "loop switch" it goes slowly round a curve on to another line, while the others move straight on. As far as I could learn and judge, the results of the "cable" system were alike satisfactory to the owners and to the citizens, as the following quotation will show :—"Within six months after the conversion of this Company's lines from horse to cable power, property along those lines rose in value from 30 to 100 per cent." "The enhanced

value of property in the South Division of Chicago, due wholly to the construction and operation of cable lines, will not fall short of \$15,000,000" (three million pounds sterling).

I also travelled by an "electric" car railway, recently constructed in Appleton, Wisconsin, which has proved quite a success. It is worked on the system of Mr. Van Depoele, the inventor. Two "turbine" water wheels, coupled together, capable of developing 100 horse-power, drive a 60 horse-power electric generator. The electric current is carried by wires overhead, from which a flexible cable, easy of connection or disconnection, conducts the power to a Van Depoele motor in front of the car. This is worked by a lever, under the control of the conductor; and on grades of 9 per cent., or round curves of 40 to 45 feet radius, the cars bowled along steadily.

The local newspapers speak in very high terms of the safety, precision, and economy of the system, as the following quotation from the *Appleton Daily Post* will show :—"The effective work of the snow-plough, when pushed in front of two cars, has proved that the road can be kept in running order, after any storm not of extraordinary severity, as quickly as a horse railroad, and at infinitely (*sic*) less expenditure of wearisome effort. The system is absolutely safe, as the wires are out of reach above the ground. On

the score of economy the advantages of employing electricity are numerous—it gives 53 per cent. of mechanical efficiency after being transmitted over a distance of some 35 miles. Wherever water is used to drive the electric generators, the saving cannot be disputed, and where steam is used as a prime motor to run the generators, there is a large difference in favour of electricity over animal power. There is also avoided in this system the expenses of large stables for horses, and the annoyance of having a large number of labourers to care for the same; less space for cars on track is required, and there is no wear of the track between the rails.”

I hardly think that the “high level” system common in New York will ever be mooted, and feel convinced that it never will be adopted, in Britain. Anything more Gotho-Vandalish can hardly be conceived. The line is carried on iron pillars erected in the streets, so that the track is about the level of the first storey; the trains puff, and whistle, and thunder along, wriggling round sharp corners, and murdering quiet or sleep. It means architectural ruin to a district; the ghost of Lord Cockburn would certainly rise and denounce the outrage, as was done before the battle of Flodden by a voice “from the throne of Plotcock,” if Edinburgh was threatened with such a catastrophe; and Sir Walter Scott’s spirit would send round the “fiery cross” and kindle

the "Border beacon" to save the amenities of "mine own romantic town."

Electric lighting is universal in all American cities and towns with any pretensions to progress. It is also used largely in the houses of all classes, the users speaking of it as healthy, regular, and safe. It is, indeed, in America the light of the "present" more than gas is; electric lamps span every street, and well do they light up a town. Science is making such marvellous discoveries and combinations of powers and processes, that it is difficult to forecast the light of the future.

The telegraph and telephone are great factors in American business. In banks, warehouses, saloons, notably in hotel lobbies, the machines are "tick, ticking" away, printing automatically in various corners, on a narrow paper ribbon, visible to all, monetary, commercial, general, or sporting news. Hence the lobbies are capacious, resembling Exchanges, "where merchants much do congregate." Around them or opening from them are collar, glove, cigar, drug, and barbers' shops. The lobbies seem to fill the place of the "coffee-houses" of former days in London, but are noisier, busier, and more of the smoking-lounge type.

As a rule, the cemeteries of America are well chosen and beautifully kept. The monumental sculptures are often massive, composed of beautiful

materials, showing good taste in design and skilful workmanship. No visitor to New York should fail to visit Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn. From its commanding site a splendid view is obtained of the mouths of the Hudson, the cities on its banks, the islands that dot its channel, the forest of shipping that floats on its bosom, and the finely undulating, well-cultivated, surrounding country; whilst, by the side of its miles of drives or walks, stands the largest collection of elegant monuments in the world, erected to the memory of men and women whose fame the nation will not allow to die. It is, besides, a model of landscape gardening, with neat ponds, and a splendid variety of trees, shrubs, and flowers.

I visited with much interest the graveyards of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, especially the quiet nook where lies Thaddeus Stevens, the early, persistent, and staunch advocate of the equality of all men, white or negro. He is buried in the "coloured" churchyard of Lancaster, and his monument bears the following inscription:—

"I repose in this quiet and secluded spot,  
Not from any natural preference for solitude,  
But, finding other cemeteries limited as to race,  
I have chosen this, that I might illustrate in my death  
The principles which I advocated through a long life,  
Equality of man before his Creator.

THADDEUS STEVENS,

Born at Darmville, Caled. Co., Vermont, April 4, 1792;

Died at Washington, D.C., August 11, 1838."



So beautifully situated and so well kept were many of the cemeteries, that I was reminded of the beadle of Eddlestone's parting remark to two weeping ladies who had come to visit the graves of their kindred: "There's no hurry, leddies, no hurry whatsomever. Stay as long as you like, and enjoy yourselves."

Boston reminded me, in the older part of the city, of a well-to-do English town. It claims to be the "Hub of the Universe," and far be it from me to question its claim, because in that city and many others I heard the expression used, almost as a proverb, concerning anything extraordinary, "That can't be beat EXCEPT in BOSTON." On the top of Bunker's Hill, in its suburbs, I was accosted by a "gintleman," who in a brogue that had more of Kerry in it than Massachusetts, said,—

"Well, you're right to come and see where the toyrant Britishers were licked. I'll take ye's round and show ye the spot."

He had been indulging in drink, one of the very few that I saw "touched" in that way, and I declined his offer with thanks, but he was not to be shaken off. He enlarged "on the cheek of the English a hundred years ago, troying to hould Ameriky in chains," and grew demonstratively violent as he spluttered out a tirade about "the bloodhounds of England traitin' Oireland worse than any slaves ever were traited."




"We'll need to go over," said he, "and sweep the murtherers into the little ditch of a sea that's about them, and," drawing his left hand over the palm of his right, "we'll aisy do it with the back of our left hand."

When he learned that I was a Scotchman, he became most gracious, and proposed a "drink" and to show me the city; both of which offers I declined. It may comfort Scotchmen to know that when we parted, he said, "We'll not hurt ould Scotland when we come over; the Scotch came from Oireland at first, and gave us Bobbie Burns."

## CHAPTER VI.

### PAINTINGS.

NE of the attractions of New York this season was the Exhibition, previous to their sale and dispersion, of the paintings, sculpture, ceramics, plates, and bric-a-brac of the late A. T. Stewart, the American millionaire, from whose estate some worthy Scottish folks in the southern counties expected a fair slice, but the slip between the cup and the lip was a complete spill. I spent an evening in the galleries, and it was interesting to observe the kind of pictures with which a busy merchant and clever man of means and money surrounded himself.

Most of them were bright and suggestive, and told their own story without the aid of a catalogue. Of old masters of the dingy type there were none—colour, sparkle, and bright effect were the features; what, in Europe, are considered masterpieces, and deservedly so, although dingy, smoke-begrimed, and cracking, were wanting. On entering the first room, I was struck with a large painting of the

"Falls of Niagara," by Frederick E. Church, N.A., New York. It measured 94 inches by 102, and is taken from the American side. It is dated in 1867, and was awarded the highest honour at the Exposition Universelle, Paris, of that year. The mighty torrent is admirably given, and warrants the use, in a superlative degree, of the lines in which the poet Southey describes the "Cataract of Lodore :"—

"Advancing, and prancing, and glancing, and dancing,  
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling, and boiling,  
And thumping, and flumping, and bumping, and jumping,  
And dashing, and flashing, and splashing, and clashing.  
And so never ending, but always descending,  
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,  
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,  
And this way the water comes down at Lodore."

The enormous river is seen doubling over the shelving rock in an exceedingly swift, gliding rush, breaking into foam; the rising mist-like spray is cleverly rendered, and in one corner there is the airiest and lightest, yet most distinct, segment of a transparent rainbow "arching the foaming water."

I have since learned that Mr. John S. Kennedy, of New York, one of its most honourable and successful business men, a native of Glasgow, who has spent nearly thirty years of his life in the United States (a brother of Dr. Kennedy, of Richmond Street United Presbyterian Church, Edinburgh,—the able Clerk of the United Presbyterian Synod),

has purchased this grand example of American art and powerful delineation of the grandest of America's natural wonders, and has presented the picture to the National Gallery of Scotland.

Mr. Church, the artist, is a native of Hartford, Conn., born in 1826, and was a pupil of the late eminent Thomas Cole. There is a painting of Niagara from the Canadian side, by him, in the great Corcoran Gallery at Washington, but the one which Scotland has just received is a more attractive picture. That in the "Corcoran" is 42 inches by 89, whereas, as already stated, the "Edinburgh" one is 94 inches by 102. The "Corcoran" is not so deep, but gives a fine idea of the width, though not of the height of the falls. The hurl of the waters is marvellously treated in the rapids, and a rainbow broken here and there, from absence of spray, greatly enhances the effect. The Corcoran catalogue thus describes its gem :—"Of this great picture, of a great American subject, by a great American artist, it may be said that it represents all of the mighty scene in nature save its sound and motion, though the latter element of its sublimity is grandly suggested in the rush of its massive green depths, and the varied sweep and surging eddies of its shallow waters." It bears date 1857, has been exhibited throughout America and Europe, and carried off a gold medal at the Paris Exposition. Good judges

say that Mr. Church never repeated his pictures, and the one now possessed by Scotland is fully as effective and more suggestive than the fine example in the "Corcoran."

I feel convinced that the generous donor will receive not only from the Trustees of the National Gallery of Scotland, but from all lovers of art, most sincere thanks. He has not only enriched the Gallery with a great painting, but has enabled many, who will never visit Niagara, to see it depicted by a master hand. Mr. Church, the artist, is now quite unfit for further work. He has as yet no successor, and a look at his picture recalls the story of the Sheffield steel manufacturer, who asked the brother of Canova the sculptor, "If he intended to carry on his brother's business." That, in Church's case, will not be easily done. The picture was originally sold for £2000.

Near it in the gallery rose—for from its enormous size we can hardly say hung—Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," so well known by its having been engraved in different "scales." The work measures 200 inches by 96, and covers the entire side of a large room. Although executed in 1853-55, it is still bright, sparkling, and fresh. The grand pair of sturdy, dappled greys, in vigorous action, with their quivering hind quarters and massive shoulders; the fiery black stallion, rearing and

about to get a heavy cut with the whip; the splendid fore-shortened roan, a sure prize-winner; the side filled up by a stringhalt "screw," with shambling legs and loutish rider; the effective treatment of sky and foliage — indeed, the *tout ensemble* was so perfect that I felt surprised when I saw it knocked down at £10,600 sterling. I was greatly pleased to find that the purchaser, whose name I have forgotten, had presented this noble picture to the "Metropolitan Museum of Art," Central Park, New York. Its appropriate place is in a national collection, where it is in such excellent company as the splendid work presented to the Museum by Mr. Jessup, banker, New York, "Columbus giving an account of the discovery of America to the King and Court of Spain," and other gems.

This Museum is to be congratulated on its now possessing, through the liberality of Mr. Jay Gould, the picture which realized the largest sum at the sale of the Stewart Collection, "Friedland 1807," by J. L. Meissonier, Paris, a battle piece of the palmy days of Napoleon I., which brought over £13,000, and measured 96 inches by 54. It is a little after the style of Miss Thomson's "Charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo." Another work of Meissonier's, a small thing, 17 by 23, "At the Barracks," brought £3200.

Prominent on the walls, for size and merit, was a



picture of the "Environs of Fontainebleau," by F. A. Bonheur, a brother of Mme. Rosa's, measuring 156 inches by 118. This forest scene was enriched with cattle, reminding me of the works of Paul Potter and Kuyp—the massive bull, the balmy heifer, and the herd in all attitudes, while the foliage and trees were finely given. It realized £3560. Near this was hung Erskine Nicol's (R.S.A., Edinburgh) "The Disputed Boundary," one of those exquisite scenes of Irish life which a few years ago decked the Academy walls, but which now, alas! owing to the failing health of the "Art member for Ireland," we sadly, sorely miss. It is in his best manner. The lawyer on the estate, in stately black, with white neckcloth, ruffled shirt, and quill in hand, the disputants, one old, defiant, immovable; the other with the shocky red hair that Nicol can render so well, holds the map and "discoorses;" while the onlookers, the table, books, letters, etc., are perfect. The picture is as crisp and fresh as when it left the easel, and fell into the hands of Mr. Thomas B. Clark at £3050. The catalogue tells, "Mr. Nicol wished the above sent to the Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1876," stating that he regarded "The Disputed Boundary" as the greatest work he had ever painted.

There was a nice "bit" of Thomas Faed, R.A.'s, "Papa's Coming," which has been secured by Mr.

John S. Kennedy for his home collection. The works of W. A. Bougereau, Paris, three in number, were most attractive. "The New-born Lamb" brought £1020, and a finely executed piece, "Return from the Harvest," showing a peasant woman, sheaf-and-flower crowned, mounted on a donkey, having before her a "bonnie bairn," and surrounded by well-grouped harvest rejoicers, sold for £1600.'

I should exhaust my readers' patience were I to go over in detail the pictures of Fortuny, Troyon Fichel, Gerome, Bierstadt, and others. The collection numbered 220, and the sale occupied three evenings from half-past seven o'clock till nearly ten. Chickering Hall, in which it took place, is a large, handsome concert room belonging to the musical firm of that name in New York, and will contain 2500 people. On the third evening of the sale I got into the crowded hall early, and had a favourable seat. When business began, young men were ranged at short distances among the passages, to catch "bids," as these would have been lost in the crowd without such help. The auctioneer, Mr. Thomas E. Kirby, a man in his prime, stood at a small desk; behind him was a platform, half concealed by deep, large red curtains. These were drawn aside, or rather from the front to the back of an easel stand, revealing the picture to be sold. Mr. Kirby spoke incessantly, repeating the last bid

or the new one as fast as he could speak, on and on, giving sufficient time at the end, but still speaking, until his ivory hammer fell. Then the curtains were brought to the front of the stand, and in a few seconds they were withdrawn, showing another picture for sale. The auctioneer, in the interim of changing, described the coming lot.

Bids were bawled out by the assistants in the passages, even from far back in the gallery—in the front of which were Jay Gould, Vanderbilt, and several other noted American collectors. Occasionally the jumps were “big.” Applause greeted several pictures, and followed any good bid. Works by native artists were well received, and a picture of “George Washington,” by Gilbert Stuart, a famous American portrait painter, brought down the house. It fell at £620, and was shortly followed by a large, very fine portrait of Alexander Von Humboldt (Kosmos), by I. Schrader, Berlin, certified by the artist as painted from life, which only brought £185, drawing from many an expression of surprise—*Patriotism versus Philosophy*. Mr. Gilbert Stuart has evidently painted a good many portraits of George Washington, for I have seen them in several collections. One picture by Jerome, Paris, “Une Collaboration,” brought £1620, or £3 per square inch. The “Old Masters” in the collection seemed to me, in art phrase, hardly dry—the brightness of

the colouring being suspicious, and buyers seemed of the same opinion, for a large Titian (?), "Madonna and Child," brought only £160; Murillos, £125, £226; a Rembrandt, £80. There was considerable laughter when some "weeds," that had evidently hung on the walls of some great dining saloon of a hotel, large and showy, of ladies of the 18th century in ruffles and trickery, brought about £25 each—the grand frames were almost worth the money.

One monster, measuring 35 feet by 22 feet, by Adolphe Zoon, could not be removed from the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga. A duplicate of it, well executed, measuring 60 inches by 36, was exhibited and sold along with the great "White Elephant;" for the two, £65, cheap. The allegory is very flattering to America, with "Republic," and Minerva, and trumpets and winged messengers, and "E Pluribus Unum," and peace, industry, a river quenching the torch of war, etc. The original picture is so huge that a ball-room was designed with a panel big enough to hold it. I was struck with "Lady Washington's" reception by D. Huntingdon. A fine study of figures, and the dresses, although of a century ago, more graceful than those of to-day. Lady Washington is admirably drawn; George, effective in full black Court dress; the Duke of Kent, a fine soldierly-looking man. Mrs. George

Clinton is a perfect impersonation of a very old lady sitting, and Jonathan Turnbull of an old gentleman. Bierstadt's "Seal Rock, San Francisco," is a grand northern sea scene, with wonderful effects of light and shade on the chafing and "surfy" waves as they surged round a natural rock bridge—the light through the arch, the sea-fowl, sea-lions, and seals were numerous, true to nature, and admirably rendered. The *tout ensemble* was a picture of surpassing merit. Two other pictures from the same easel showed how thoroughly Mr. Bierstadt merits the encomium passed upon him as "the first pioneer painter to reveal to us the sublime scenery of the Far West."

There was a "Blind Man's Buff" by Charles Bargnut, Brussels, but how different from Sir D. Wilkie's! All the players were ladies in shining satins and long trains. No MAN body to catch—"Butter to butter's nae kitchen." In a three-panel representation of the "Prodigal Son," I got some information as to the manners and customs of the East—quite new to me—such as that "dice"-playing was common in his days; the apparel, etc., seemed very modern, and the father is receiving the son on the staircase of a fine mansion, partly Corinthian, partly Norman in style. Great is American art, liberally is it patronized. The prices totalled over £100,000, but many pictures fell far short of what

had been originally paid for them. Greater is American propriety. The statue of "The Greek Slave," original and exquisite, for which no offer was made, was withdrawn.

The "Corcoran" Gallery of Art, Washington, the free gift to the public of William W. Corcoran, Esq., is very fine. In it is a sparkling gem from the genial Erskine Nicol — "'Paddy's Mark,' where a genuine son of the Emerald Isle is putting his mark to a lease, while he looks up with hesitating inquiry into the bland face of the attorney, whose smooth manner assures Paddy that it is all right. The incident is admirably told, and every part of the work painted with great force and clearness." There is also "Shakespeare and his Contemporaries," by John Faed, R.A., R.S.A., etc., well known by the numerous engravings of it. It is a little formal, but fresh and powerful. The following mixture of nationalities occurs in the descriptive catalogue:— "This picture is by one of the leading artists of England. John Faed is a Scotsman, and one of three brothers eminent in art. Thomas Faed is the famous painter of 'Sir Walter Scott and his Friends at Abbotsford,' etc. James Faed is the engraver of the excellent print of this picture, dedicated to Mr. Corcoran."

There are also masterpieces by Thomas Cole, M. Durand, E. Renouf, G. H. Boughton, James M.



Hart-Troyon, G. C. St. Pierre, J. F. Kensett, etc. "The Magdalena River," by F. E. Church ; "The Coast of New Jersey," by W. T. Richards ; "Charlotte Corday in Prison," by C. L. Müller ; "A Beach Scene, Holland," by Kaemerrer ; "A Trout Brook," by Whittredge ; "A Pastoral Visit," by R. N. Brooke ; and "Mount Corcoran," by Bierstadt,—a glorious panorama of Nature's grandest moods and scenes, which will repay careful attention.

In every considerable town there are Art Galleries worthy of a visit, for which, in many cases, larger halls are being provided. By the courtesy of H. W. Robbins, Esq., N.A., I got a season ticket for the 62nd Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design in New York, and a glance round its walls warrants me in hinting that British artists will need to look to their colours.

The large "clubs" of New York have periodical "picture" nights, where recent works are exhibited. There artists and the members of the clubs meet, and exchange opinions. I had the privilege of spending one such evening at the "Century Club," New York, where I saw a spirited portrait of W. Sloane, Esq., by H. W. Robbins, and other works of great merit. The mixing of artists, literary men, and connoisseurs proves useful to each and all. I dare not attempt to write of the sculptures, ceramics, etc., of the museums I visited ; they were fine. Nor

of the large pictures illustrative of American history in the Capitol at Washington, at Boston, Philadelphia, etc. Large—very—is a prominent characteristic, but the execution is good and the result effective. From guides and guide-books you learn the price of each in “dollars.” I have seen in various parts of America paintings of human and still life, in tempera and colour, that more effectively represent “relievo” than I ever saw before. It takes many a side glance to convince one that all is flat; but I have already exceeded the limits of a “Bit” by a “bittock,” and must pass on to other matters, for it was Longfellow, THE poet of America, that wrote—

“Art is long, and time is fleeting.”

## CHAPTER VII.

### CHURCHES AND SABBATH SCHOOLS.



THE church architecture of America is, as a rule, chaste, and, to venture a commonly-heard pun, "a-spiring." Even in New York, with its huge blocks of high warehouses, the church spires, as seen from the opposite bank of the river, overtop the secular element. Organs, with good choirs and fine singing, were in all which I visited ; the congregations joined in about the half of the service of praise, soloists, or the choir, doing the rest.

The first in which I worshipped, the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, of which the Rev. John Hall, D.D., is the pastor, is a handsome building, or rather series of buildings. The under flat resembles a workshop, with its boilers, air-pumps, and blowing fan, worked by a steam engine, which exhausts the vitiated air and supplies fresh air to the church as well as to the organ pipes ; ventilation being most carefully attended to. The wood-work of the church is elaborately carved ; the decorations

of roof, walls, and windows are chaste, the lobbies carpeted and the seats cushioned,—altogether a splendid edifice. The congregation numbers 2117 members, has 1580 Sabbath scholars, and contributes about three times as much for missionary and benevolent objects as it expends on its own support ; its gross annual income being over thirty thousand pounds sterling.

Its membership displays the characteristic activity of American churches, although the report shows that that bugbear of British churches, “the half-day hearer,” is found even there, for it tells that “the tendency in many places is to forego the second service on the Lord’s day.” There is a softness about that “forego” rather pleasing. It sounds a little as if it were self-denial on the *hearer’s* part. Certainly it is “letting them down easily,” and should be looked at from all sides.

From the same report (1885) can be gathered the high state of organization of this church. Some of their standing committees might be usefully introduced into other churches, such as “for seating strangers,” “for visiting Sunday schools,” “for supplies,” “for music.” The latter is not uncommon ; but besides it, I find on page 11 a “committee on music of session.” This is new to me, and delightfully suggestive of melody as well as harmony. I can only guess that this committee keeps the session

in musical efficiency, by insisting on each member's duly practising sacred music and passing a satisfactory examination at least yearly ; possibly there may be competitions and prizes for "solo" or "organ" excellence. I regret that I did not observe this admirable appointment until it was too late to inquire into its methods of working and results.

The Women's Employment Society is a model of perfection. It has "a purchasing and pricing committee," one for "cutting, marking, and finishing," "permit," "distributing and examining," "paying," "selling," "order," "reading," a "sewing school," etc. It has enabled many good women to eke out a livelihood, by helping them to help themselves. There is also a Sunday class for female domestics, a "Chinese Sabbath school," for "John Chinaman" is the great laundryman of America, a free bed in the Presbyterian Hospital, a Young Ladies' Branch of Home and Foreign Missions ; and two Mission Chapels have been founded and are being fostered by this influential congregation.

I visited the Sabbath Morning Classes in the fine halls. There were no "forms,"—only neat, light wooden chairs, the scholars clustering around the teacher ; and all seemed active, bright, and happy. As I entered the "younger" class-room, the lady teacher was proceeding to give out a hymn, when a bright-eyed boy got up, and said,—“Please, teacher,

I was reading a story yesterday that shows about our lesson, and I will tell it."

"You're rather late," said the teacher, "we must sing now." Then, turning to a delicate-looking boy, she asked him to repeat the first verse of the hymn about to be sung.

"I can't, teacher," was his reply.

"I forgot that you had been away ill ; George," pointing to a boy sitting next him, "will help you to learn it,—won't you, George?"

"Yes, teacher," said the little tutor, as he rose to repeat the hymn, which was prettily sung.

I visited in the afternoon a Mission School. There were several class-rooms, separated by folding doors, where lessons were going on ; at the closing address and singing, the entire school met. The hymns to be sung were in large print on rollers.

From this I went to a Mission Industrial School, situated in "Five Points," which used to be one of the poorest and most degraded parts of New York. It was called the Five Points House of Industry, and is a well-conducted "Home," where four hundred adults or children are sheltered, trained, clothed, and fed. Some are servants waiting employment, some orphans or worse, some children of parents who have had to break up their home, or are in hospital, or sick. There is also a day nursery for little ones between the ages of one and four years, open from



7 A.M. to 7 P.M., thus allowing their parents to go to work.

I quote from a letter sent to my children about this "Home :"—

"Mr. Paton took me to a most delightful service by the children of a Mission Industrial School. There would be 150 girls, with pretty white pinafores and a little bit of bright-coloured ribbon, and 150 boys, with heads thoroughly cropped, and clothing of all colours and shapes. They are orphans, or their parents are too poor to provide for them, or they have been picked up as homeless by the police, or they have been sent here. All were clean, orderly, and nice,—sizes from a *mite* to five feet six. They sang beautifully. One girl repeated the First Commandment; then all sang, 'Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.' Then a wee birkie of a laddie repeated the Second Commandment, and all sang again, '*Lord, have mercy upon us,*' etc.; and so on through all the commandments. They all engaged in prayer, standing up, folding their little hands together on their breasts, repeating the Lord's Prayer, etc., and praying for their friends, the trustees, the institution, and all poor and friendless children. It was very impressive and very pretty. They sang a good many hymns; marched away slowly in beautiful order, 'singing as they went;'—the wee laddies

hindmost were so wee, that A—— would make two of them. There were whites, negroes, half-black, and all kinds.

“After the service, one of the trustees showed us the school-room, the dormitory or sleeping room, with over a hundred little single crib beds, a bath-room, the bath six times as long and wider than ‘ours,’ where a dozen might have been plumped in at one time to wallop. We also went into the infants’ room, and saw forty wee, wee, wee girlies (I think) toddling about. Their supper of bread and milk was ready, the table was a *very* low one, not higher than a form at home. The bits o’ toddlekins waddled to their wee, wee, doll-like cane-bottomed chairs, found out their places after some shifting, stood up with folded hands, quietly repeated a short ‘grace ;’ and the moment this was done they plumped down, so true to child nature, and fell to supper instantly,—almost quicker.

“We also saw the bigger ones at supper. All are taught to read and write ; all, old enough, are taught trades. They are clothed from cast-off garments sent by good friends, and ‘adapted’ in the Home, so that there is no hospital livery. There were play-rooms, clean, well aired, well lighted, and so nice, that next to being amongst my own dear bairns, I felt that here were God’s little ones gathered in and cared for by Him that ‘heareth the young ravens when

they cry,' and it made me glad to see them so cosy." The Home is supported by voluntary contributions, the directors are Christian men of energy and influence, the records of the institution's success are most gratifying, and its influence has been a blessed one.

In one Methodist negro congregation there was keen competition as to who would sing a *voluntary* before the service commenced; but one broad-shouldered, strong-lunged fellow got fairly ahead of three or four earnest competitors, and the half-gathered congregation followed him vigorously. When the full congregation began, they *did* sing, and the minister, despite his good lungs, and free—very free—use of them (for his "Oh's" were like huge cart-wheels, and often introduced), got an immense amount of choral help (Scotsmen might have thought it interruption or disturbance) in the shape of "Amens" and other ejaculations, lustily and constantly rising from the pews.

Even in the sermon he was powerfully backed by exclamations. This may account for the fact that, after the "ladles" had gone round for the collection, and the service seemed finished, a freewill offering was coaxingly urged, and a hymn given out to allow time for its presentation. It was to be laid by each willing (?) giver on a table in front of the pulpit, open to the eyes of the preacher and the nearer part of the congregation; but having already "paid

my way," I left the church before the gifts were commenced. I was told that this was the surest way of getting negroes to give ; but I declined to accept such an apparently slanderous explanation, preferring, as one must do in other countries, the handy apology for many such anomalies, "It's an old custom," "It's the way these things are done in our parts."

One of my most pleasant reminiscences is of a visit paid to a Sabbath school for children of colour in Salem Chapel, New York, under the superintendence of Mr. Peter Carter. The children were of all shades, from almost "jet" downwards. In the infant department I heard the story of Moses brought cleverly and lovingly home to a bright class by the aid of the black-board and homely illustrations. Their eyes twinkled as they were told of the "dear little baby," his mother's love and sister's watchful cleverness. One wee chap, in answer to the question if they had any babies at home, answered, "Yes, mother's got two at once!" The school was asked to send a message of love to the Scottish Sabbath school children; they expressed their approval by crying out "Aye, aye, aye," most heartily ; and it was a new sight for me to see so many rolling whites of eyes, red lips, tongues, and white teeth, moving briskly against the swarthy "background" of their comely faces.

I observed a little girl go stealthily up to one of the teachers who was leaving the district, and, as if half ashamed, hand her a brown-paper parcel, saying, "It's for you, I made it myself," and quickly disappear. When the parcel was opened, it was an easel-stand for a photograph, neatly sewed and of pretty design. Some of the scholars were "aged," but interesting, and had been slaves. This school has sent out several preachers, and for many years has been a bright light in a dark place. The singing *was* hearty.

Sunday schools are "institutions," attended not only by the young, but some churches, at the close of the forenoon service, virtually resolved themselves into Sunday schools,—the gallery being reserved for grown-up folks. I pass for an old man in Scotland, but I twice became a scholar in America. Scholars put questions to the teacher which are more easily asked than answered, especially older scholars. In one class of which I formed a scholar, a worthy deacon was treating of the life of Jacob. He had the run of a front seat in the gallery—we occupying the two behind it. One man asked, "Do you think Jacob was right in offering God ten per cent. of what he had, if God would go with him and keep him all right? A good bit of the Jew in that, ain't there?"

The worthy deacon did his best with a rather

puzzling lesson, saying, "He was a queer mixture, was Jacob—very. He was a double-dealer. It shows us that the Bible tells plain facts. He got punished in the line of his own sins pretty smartly, he did."

"And served him right too," added one of the class.

Even young ones have a cool way of giving illustrations, or opinions, or "ticklers," that would startle ordinary British teachers,—as much as the urchin did who could not be satisfied with the answer the teacher gave to his question about Jacob's ladder, question being, "What use had the angels for a ladder when they can a' flee?" until, after vainly trying to explain the "dreamy mystery," he appealed to the class, and got in reply from the dunce, who knew more about birds and hens than about the Bible, "They maun hae been mootin' (moulting), sir." Or that little wiseacre who, on hearing the teacher tell about the length of the devil's chain, said, "He may as well have been loose."


The sermons I heard were short and pithy; one was very full of matter better suited for a theological chair than a promiscuous audience; it was also long. Many of the others were home-thrusting, partly politico-religious, and in some instances outspoken. One clergyman, dwelling on the near approach of a



“township” election, launched thunderbolts at the heads of electors who would not vote “prohibition of liquor traffic ;” spoke of “making this town the black-hole of this Christian state ;” and he certainly overdrew the “saloons” of the town. Another, a reverend doctor at Evanston, handled a difficult subject in a most impressive, direct, and forcible way. All the preachers had evidently paid attention to elocution ; and the spate of “intimations” at the close of each service showed the varied agencies of American churches,—“cottage meetings,” “at homes,” “picnics,” “sewing nights,” “flower missions,” “hand in hand,” and “helping hand,” occurring along with the usual home notices. In some churches, announcements of rather a secular nature were made ; these would have been rejected by the old Kilmar-nock minister, who used to decline to have himself or his pulpit turned into the “Kilmarnock Sunday Advertiser.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

### ON THE ROAD.



ON leaving Washington one fine spring evening for a long journey, I found, as I travelled southwards, an increasing proportion of the negro population. They mixed with whites in railways, "busses," etc.; but, as a rule, they dwell in "settlements" or negro quarters "apart." Many such settlements were visited; the dwellers seemed gay, happy, and well-to-do. Heartily do the little darkies gambol, and play, and romp, and "lark," their roguish rolling eyes, scarlet lips, and gleaming teeth being the very embodiment of childish glee.

Among the older folks there was a breadth and flavour about their cordial greeting of one another, and some pretty fair "chaffing" in the courtesies which they interchanged. I overheard a long, lean, lanky darky say to a fat paunchy one, "You'm not of much use, you ain't. You've got too large a 'bow-window' to do things slick, I guess."

"Bow-window?" replied Paunchy, pulling down

his vest and admiring his corpulent form,—“bow-windows is only put on tip-top genteel houses. You never see'd them on log-cabins like you. You ain't the thickness of a good lathe. There!”

On high days and holidays the men are great in shirt-fronts and high collars, great also in gay neck-ties. Most of the waiters in hotels are men of colour, with their hair cut as short as scissors can do it; there is a slight swagger in their uncovering or carrying dishes, and the “waiting” in America is slower—more “republican”—than in Britain, but the staff is generally large, “boarding” in hotels by young men or even married couples being quite common. Negroes greatly delight in driving; they will spend half of their wages on hiring a horse and buggy, and no mortals could look happier than they when they can carry out the verse,—

“Bring out your bran-new cutter,  
And get your gal's consent,  
Then hitch up Dobbin, or some other critter,  
And let the animile went.”

One thus recorded his experience:—“About the hardest thing a fellow can do is to spark two girls at once and preserve a good average, 'specially in a Billy buggy. They shakes so, and gals makes a fellow nerviss, leastways two does.” A young friend treated (?) me to a ride in one of these spider-like Billy buggies, with huge bicycle kind of wheels,

which young America loves so well to spank about in, behind one of the coveted twenty-miles-an-hour trotters. The stride of "Beauty" was enormous; the jigglety-jolt threatened the teeth, and was otherwise trying. On she sped, or spended, my friend delighted, myself preparing for whatever might turn up, furtively glancing from the horse to the kerbstone, feeling like old Betty Davidson when the horse ran off, "that I could only lippen to Providence, till the breechin' broke, and then held on like grim death." Luckily the "turn-out" was too excellent for either the breechin' or anything else to break, and, like John Gilpin, I soon got down again.

To console me, after again reaching solid ground, my friend told of an "ice-boat" that was scudding along Lake Michigan at such a rate as to alarm a young lady. Her travelling companion, to calm her fears, said, "In such delightful company, a journey into eternity together would be a welcome pleasure." "Oh! but are you sure we *would* travel together?" was her quick reply. "Do you think you would go my way?"

The work horses were, as a rule, lighter than ours. Mules are very common. I was told that they were more cheaply fed, surer-footed, hardier, stood the intense heat better, and that they lived longer than horses. I met an Irishman who boasted of having bought a mule which his grandfather had sold forty

years ago ; he seemed quite pleased with his bargain, and declared "that the cratur was hardly come to his best yet, and would serve him all his life anyhow."

The mule having proved refractory in his hands, he described the treatment as follows :—"Teddy and me got a barrel stave each, and warmed his quarters for half-an-hour ; he didn't know which way to kick, and he got no supper ; we came in with the barrel staves next mornin', and he gave in like a spalpeen. He's as swate as a pippin now."

It was moonlight as I crossed the Alleghanies, and this admitted of some pretty glimpses of their high tops, and deep, wide valleys. Morning broke as the train was careering through the valley of the Kinawha river, a rapid, wide stream, with a great many bends and curves, round which the track was laid. This admitted of fine forward and backward glimpses of the high, rocky, tree-clad cliffs and bluffs that hemmed in the river, starting often abruptly from its very brink.

Where there was any flat land there were log-cabins and settlers, evidencing occupation for a considerable time ; but the valley was so narrow, the hills so "sentinelled" in the river, and were so rocky and steep, as to be evidently unfit for easy or successful cultivation. My first impression found expression in the words "poor creatures," and the romance that had wound itself around "life in the

Backwoods" melted away. The houses were "wee," so were the barns, the fields, and the "room for extension."

As the train moved onwards, I saw that wood-cutting (lumbering, as it is here called) was a main source of livelihood, evidenced by the large sawmills, so that the settlers lived quite as much by "felling as by raising." Onward still the train wriggled round bends and nooks, past falls and rapids, past brickworks, coke furnaces, and large mines ; through mining villages more populous than picturesque, about which pigs in small numbers wandered at their own sweet will. Many of the miners were negroes, their dresses as loose, oily, and *négligé* as those of their British confraternity, but the swarthy complexion did not give that idea of "coominess" to them which so clings to the white (?) miner.

As the train emerged into the open and gradually widening valley, there were evidences of improved cultivation. There stood the snug and pleasant dwellings of West Virginia farmers ; around them were smaller shanties, plain and oldish, apparently the homes of the slaves of former days, and in many cases still occupied by negro farm-workers. The westward progress revealed improved agriculture, more populous towns and villages. Onward still, past Charleston, into Kentucky, and the wide valley of the placid, sweeping Ohio river, and the "blue



grass" region, famous for high cultivation, flocks, herds, busy towns, large manufactories, and farm stock of all kinds, quadruped and feathered, of prime quality.

I was reminded at Louisville, the capital of Kentucky, of a quaint common-sense notice that for many a day hung on the walls of an office in Edinburgh, somewhat to the following effect,—

“WHEN YOU CALL ON A BUSINESS MAN,  
IN BUSINESS HOURS,  
SPEAK ONLY ABOUT BUSINESS;  
AND WHEN YOU HAVE DONE WITH BUSINESS,  
GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS,  
THAT HE MAY ATTEND TO HIS BUSINESS,”—

by the undernoted announcement, which had been considered so valuable by the compiler that it bore the imprint of—

“Copyright 1879—by W. T. Ross, Louisville,  
Kentucky.”

“OFFICE RULES.

“1. Gentlemen entering this office will leave the door wide open, or apologize. Don't wipe your feet, it soils the mats.

“2. Those having no business should remain as long as possible. (Short visits will not be tolerated.)

“3. Walk around behind the desks, examine our books thoroughly and carefully (they are written up as a public record), and if such books as you desire are not in sight, demand them, they will be promptly produced; we keep a servant for the purpose.

"4. Look over the book-keeper's shoulder when at work on the books, tell him a few jokes, punch him in the short ribs with your elbow; talk very loud or whistle, and if this does not have the desired effect, then sing; put your feet on the most convenient desk or table, it will be of great assistance to those who are writing.

"5. Gentlemen are requested to smoke, pipes and tobacco will be supplied; or, if you have an old pipe, bring it along, it may be louder than those we have.

"6. Spit on the floor, the spittoons are for ornament; besides, nothing is more attractive than a frescoed floor.

"7. Profane language is expected at all times, especially when ladies are present.

"8. Persons having no business with this office must call daily, or send a written excuse.

"9. The employees of this establishment are daily instructed to spare neither pains nor expense for your comfort and pleasure, and you will confer a great favour by promptly reporting any neglect in this respect."

Onward rushed the tram, until the valley of the Mississippi is reached, or rather through the immense flat plains which stretch along the banks of these great rivers, teeming with busy life and still beauty. In highly-cultivated, fine bearing fields, there still stood tree-roots, the blackened stumps of the first crop reaped by man; this is a stiffish stubble, and whilst it is carefully ploughed round, it is not yet and will not in a hurry be ploughed down, although a clever, powerful "screw jack" has been invented, which quickly and easily extracts these many-pronged memorials of the forest primeval. In some places, where stumps and roots have been taken

out, they have been put up as a fence, effective, rugged, and stockade-like.

I sighted the Mississippi; "the Father of Waters," as interpreted from the Indian, at St. Louis, twenty miles after it had absorbed the waters of the mighty Missouri. The river is here crossed by a great bridge, three spans of which are over 500 feet wide each, besides lateral viaducts at either side. The bridge is built in two stories, the lower one containing the double railway track, and the upper one the carriage-ways, two-horse car (tramway) tracks, and two footways, all high enough above the river to admit of the largest vessels passing under them. The river was, and I learned always is, muddy, or at best milky, has a rapid current, and conveys the idea alike of great bulk and power. On both banks were busy quays, factories, and railways; on its bosom ships of all sorts.

On seeing this "Father of the Waters," at once the centre and the ornament of an immense valley over 4000 miles in length, and navigable for 2000 miles of its course, from Florida to Minnesota, with its numerous tributaries, the Ohio, the Arkansas, the Red River, the Yazoo, the St. Francis, and the Missouri, of which a reliable authority states,— "It is estimated that the Mississippi with its affluents affords 35,000 miles of navigation. A steamboat may pass up the Mississippi and Missouri 3900 miles from the

gulf, as far as from New York to Constantinople,"—I felt that America was a great place, and the Mississippi river and valley one of its biggest things, too big to be comprehended in all its possibilities, but warranting the high terms in which it is spoken of, and the yet higher hopes which it enkindles in the American heart.

St. Louis, by its name, recalled the early French occupation of this part of America. It is a pleasantly situated, handsome city of about 600,000 inhabitants, and has several beautiful public parks. Through one of these the ladies of St. Louis take a business-like way of expressing their opinions upon "Lady Tobacco," and back them up with such a persuasive reason, that their example is worthy of imitation. Over the gate of the fine grounds which Mr. Henry Shaw, a rich Englishman and a bachelor, kindly throws open to the public, may be read:—

"Resolved by a Committee of Ladies, that, as the perfume of flowers is conducive to the great beautification of their complexion, Gentlemen be requested to refrain from smoking and spitting in the conservatories and greenhouses.

"REBECCA EDMOND, *Secy.*"

"It is hoped the above will be respected.

"HENRY SHAW."

From St. Louis to Chicago I traversed part of

the great prairie plain, passing immense fields of rich loamy soil, easily ploughed and wrought, well fenced and cultivated; as far as the eye could reach, it was dotted with farm-houses, villages, and towns, steel works and quarries, industrious, energetic, thriving. There were some bits of primeval forest, and occasionally, along the track, I saw the woodman's little log-cabin, and heard the thud of his axe, preparing for himself a home.

I will not deal in this "bit" with the older settlers, nor even with the new Chicago, which has grown in sixty years from a desert swamp to a city of nearly a million souls, and seems to defy the elements alike of fire and water. For the scourge of fire has once and again reduced the greater part of the city to ashes, but the citizens began to rebuild it, grander and vaster than before, as soon as the ground was cold enough to receive the foundations. Lake Michigan threatened to engulf it, but seeing they could not lower the lake, they raised the level of the city. Through its streets, the busiest stream of life in America, composed of all nationalities, rushes at a furious rate. To and from it an immense network of canals and railways conveys the produce of the north, south, east, and west. It boasts of so many big things—the biggest fire, the biggest stock-market, the biggest failures, the biggest picnics, and some

more questionable big things which I forbear to chronicle,—indeed, I give up as hopeless any attempt to “compass” the great “Queen city of the Lakes,” and fall back upon Thackeray’s “Crystal Palace, 1851:”

“ There’s staym ingyne,  
That stands in lines,  
Enormous and amazing,  
That squeal and snort  
Like whales in sport,  
Or elephants a-grazing.

“ There’s cabs on stands,  
And shandthrydans,  
There’s waggons from New York here ;  
There’s Lapland sleighs  
Have crossed the seas,  
And jaunting cyars from Cork here.

“ There’s granite flints  
That’s quite imminse,  
There’s sacks of coals and fuels ;  
There’s swords and guns,  
And soap in tuns,  
And ginger-bread and jewels.

“ There’s lashins more  
Of things in store,  
But thim I don’t remimber ;  
Nor could disclose  
Did I compose  
From May-time to November.”

I can more easily and pleasantly testify to the big-heartedness of its denizens, among whom “I was a stranger and they took me in,”—not in the modern sense, but in the good old Scripture way of genuine and thoughtful hospitality.



## CHAPTER IX.

### THE PRAIRIES.



THE Prairies of America! Who has not been thrilled by accounts of their vast extent, and the stirring adventures of which they have been the theatre? Who has not filled up Mrs. Sigourney's lines—

“The mighty prairie met the bending skies,  
A sea at rest, whose sleeping waves were flowers,”—

with fancy's wildest imaginings? But as my visit was in early April, when the snow had newly disappeared, and spring had not yet clad them in her mantle of green, I forbear any poetical extravagances, and confine myself to prosaic facts; even these I give with hesitation, for I am not a practical farmer, and therefore no authority. I merely give my own impressions, or the results of a somewhat restricted observation and inquiry.

As soon as I struck the prairies I was impressed with the fine black mould, so easily turned over with the plough, on land that had been under cultivation

for some time, and with the apparently boundless horizon stretching on all sides. All is not artificially levelled like a lawn or bowling-green. There are occasional swellings and depressions, but no hills, hardly even a "knowe" or brae, and every short distance there is a small pond or "meer," called by the folks a "slew," into which the rain-water or melting snow drains itself. Some of these are connected with little burns or creeks, which become rivers.

Where a railway has been constructed, a station occurs every few miles, provided with a grain store,— "an elevator," in country phrase,—where the corn can be taken in carts by an inclined plane to the upper flat, and thence loaded by spouts, as required, into trucks. There are also platforms for smartly and safely loading cattle and pigs; sparred bins for holding Indian corn in the husk; sidings and water-tanks. All crossings are level and unfenced. Many of the fields are also unfenced railway-wards, but the railway company are responsible for damage to cattle, and occasionally the engine draws up owing to "cattle on the line."

The stock around the farm-houses alongside the railway was more abundant and varied than I expected; the number of pigs, or "hogs," as they are here called, is legion, nearly all of the Berkshire or Polin China breed, and they ramble, and grunt, and feed all round. There are also a large number of

young horses and foals ; turkeys, geese white and grey, ducks, guinea-fowls, cocks and hens, besides sheep, rams, donkeys, and mules. My visit was before much of the fine stock had been let out to feed, yet, for miles upon miles, as far as the eye could reach, there were small herds of roaming cattle, dotting, at great intervals, the prairie.

There are tile-works at various stations along the line, and some farmers were conducting slight draining operations,—easy work, for the soil was an open, deep, soft black mould. Others were busy carting out manure from their kraals, carrying out, even in this land of plenty, the old Scottish proverb, more true than savoury, about what is “the mother of meal,” and enriching or rather developing the riches of otherwise rich land. I learned afterwards that this had a “grand effect’.”

After a railway journey of more than 400 miles across the prairies, I halted in the north-west of Iowa, at a town of over 2000 inhabitants, rich in two railway stations, 'busses, banks, big hotels, stores, kirks, at least one newspaper, and what was pointed out to me as the crack building of the town and district,—a court-house and a jail,—glorious evidences of civilisation.

It being nightfall, my first inquiry was for a vehicle to take me across the prairie to a relative's house, twelve miles to the north-west. The coach-

hirer was a genuine Scotchman, and had many questions to ask about the old country, some of which were concerning a mutual acquaintance in the kingdom of Fife.

"Can you tell me," was one of his questions, "if Mr. Smith's dog's leg's better, and if it is able to rin about noo?"

"That I cannot," was my reply. "I know that Mr. Smith likes the gun, and keeps some good dogs,—I think some of them are prize-takers,—but as to their legs, I not only know nothing, but of all the queer questions asked at me in America, yours is the queerest."

"Ye understand, sir," said he, "I did a little in the veterinary surgeon way in Dunfermline; I was a kind o' 'Vet,' as they ca' them there, and Mr. Smith's doug had a sore leg. I attended it just before I came away, an' I'm keen to ken how it cam' on; I think it would get a' richt. Tell Mr. Smith when ye see him, that Charlie Hardie was 'spierin' for him, and anxious to ken if his doug was fit for the moors now."

Scarcely had he finished when his wife inquired about some of my relatives with whom she had been a fellow-boarder at Cairneyhill; and in the streets of the town, far away on the prairies though it stood, I met some known faces, and several folks with well-known Edinburgh names. It was getting dark

before a gentleman of the town,—whose relatives had settled on a lot near that of the family I wished to visit,—and I started with a team to cross twelve miles of prairie. There was a kind of track for three or four miles, along which he drove confidently, but when we came to “burnt land,”—that is, where the grass of last year had not been consumed by the cattle, but had been burned (like heather at home) to make room for this year’s crop,—he lost his reckoning.

After looking about him anxiously for some time, and wondering where the “school,” which he considered the only reliable landmark, was, he said, “I’m off the track ; we must wait till the moon rises.”

My first thought was of that wonderful plant known as the “Indian’s compass,” of which Longfellow writes in *Evangeline* :—

“Look at this delicate plant, that lifts its head from the meadow ;  
See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet.  
It is the compass flower, that the finger of God has suspended  
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller’s journey  
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.”

But I did not know the plant itself, and if I had known it I was not sure whether the dry leaves, after their being snowed up, would prove “true as the needle to the pole.”

The sky was so overcast that the North Pole Star was not visible, and my companion looked incredulous

when I told him that, if we saw *it*, we could easily "steer" north-west.

"On the SEA, may be," said he, "but not on the LAND. I remember of my father pointing out the North Pole Star to me long ago in Scotland, but I forget all about it now,—we'll need to wait until the moon rises."

"Or the North Pole appears," said I, to which he replied with a "H'm."

We had to wait fully an hour, for the prairie is one vast plain, with very few landmarks as yet. The wind was in the south, and delightfully fresh, soft, and kindly. Its balmy breath felt like a sweet air-bath,—refreshing, delicious ; and after a night and a day of railway journeying, in the generally too hot, dry air of American railways, it was "caller," "caller ;" no other word could express the feeling so well. When the clouds cleared away, the good old North Pole Star appeared, but my driver and guide was not at all sure of its reliability. I got him advised to drive a short distance north-west by my steering. In a minute or two he brightened up, and cried, "We've struck the track," and keeping the North Pole Star in sight, besides being aided by several prairie fires, which blazed brightly in the distance, we held on our way, and shortly afterwards clearly saw the house we were in quest of, standing out on the horizon against a prairie fire.



As we approached it we were "halloed to" to stop, because a wooden bridge, which stretched across a "creek," like a great square platform, had been put on in the "Fall," but had been snowed up before the road had been made level with the timber by nearly two feet. The "creek" was a shallow one; we easily forded it, and arrived safely at the door of an old Midlothian man and friend. The wind had been high, but it was so balmy, so soft, so nice, that the drive had proved quite a treat.

Next morning I had my first near glimpse of prairie life. My quarters had been so comfortable, that I only discovered, after I got outside, that the house was constructed of wood. It consisted of two stories, had been designed with some taste, and possessed a baronial window, lightning conductor, and general snugness. Near the house were the cattle courts, well stocked with sheep, oxen, cows, and pigs. About us hopped hens, turkeys, and fowls; three young horses swanked about pokingly; whilst on the willowy fence any number of black-birds and copperheads, with plumage rather gayer than home birds, held a "Dame Durden concert," and went on with their prate.

Around was the immense prairie; here and there the eye rested upon the cabin and onstead of a settler, but there evidently remained very much land to be possessed. I visited a good many "settlers"

within a radius of sixteen miles, and will endeavour to give expression to what I learned from them of their past experiences and present opinions of prairie life.

All most emphatically declared that the reports and representations made to them, as an inducement to become settlers, were far too favourable, indeed misleading; that the amount stated as necessary to commence with was absurdly small; and that those who pictured to themselves that the life of a "settler" was either an easy, a comfortable, or an idle life, would find themselves grievously mistaken. They also strongly recommended that no one should buy land, or do anything until he has been working on the prairie for at least a year, for there is so much to learn about what not to do, as well as what to do.

There are no trees; and many affirm that large belts of plantation here and there would be of immense service. But who is to plant them? Settlers are rearing around their gardens and on-steads some quickly-growing willows, which thrive well, and give some protection from gales, as well as make good fences. Excepting these, all is a great grassy meadow, with a few small ponds or "slews," many of which dry quite up in summer. There are hardly any stones in the soil,—a few

granite boulders are occasionally found here and there, but none of any size; a curling-stone would be called a rock,—and all found on the “lot” can be advantageously used for “loupin’-on” stones, or as foundations for houses, or “keps” for gates.

The first thing a settler has to see to is a house or shelter of some kind. If a bachelor, he can do with little, and often a shanty is run up, where the team of horses or bullocks and the “laird” share the same roof. The breaking up of the land is his first work, and should be done early, to avoid the summer’s growth and heat. The turf, or “divot,” is firm and rooty, so that the first ploughing, although not deep, is laborious, and consists merely in “overturning” the sod. This has to be ploughed again, and sometimes again, before being sown, and it takes some time before harrow, plough, etc., make it smooth and workable.

I saw some old tilled ground, black, loamy, and easily wrought, and after the sod has been fairly broken up, the ploughing is comparatively easy. The soil ranges from four to six feet deep, upon a subsoil of bluish clay, and, when newly turned up, it seems to glisten with chemical salts of good agricultural character. It is black, evidently the accumulation of thousands of years’ burnings of previous crops. Indeed, the territory is old Indian hunting-ground—

the meaning of "Iowa" in Indian being, "This is the land." Remains of large Indian settlements exist, and ample evidence that the prairies formerly supported large herds of buffaloes and wild cattle, not found on them now, and decreasing elsewhere.

It is hardly necessary to state that no crop can be reaped the first year, and possibly very little the second. A bit of garden ground can be brought in, some home vegetables planted, and if any cattle are grazed on the prairie during the summer, a barn or house must be found for them in winter. This means a large wooden shed, with an upper hay-loft for storage, having the entire under flat boarded all round to house the cattle during the long severe winter.

The snow of Iowa is small, hard, and dry, comes in "blizzards," drifts greatly, and sometimes the farmer has to dig his way through eight to ten feet of snow. Hay for winter food can generally be cut from the prairies, and stored either in barn or afield. If stored afield, a large circle, of eight to ten feet wide, has to be ploughed all round the stack, and to be kept "red land," to prevent the prairie fires from burning it up.

If a man wishes to make the best of settling, he would need, in the opinion of sensible and experienced men, £1200 to £1500 to give him a fair start. Some land societies have given out £250 as enough.

Where there is no wood to be had excepting from a great distance,—railway-brought,—and where labour is dear, before a settler can get a plough and a team, a house, a barn, a hay-loft, and a roomy cattle-shed, fence a kraal, and get ready to face and withstand the winter, he will find £250 far too small an amount, even although he has, like “Ben o’ Hillsgill,” “a prime working family.”

Settlers seem to think that land agents are as lucky as “factors” are believed to be in Britain, recalling Robie Hamilton’s advice to Lord Eglinton about a bit of dorty ground,—“Saw’t with factors, my lord ; they aye thrive a’ place.” These agents are in the difficult position of trying to make a good dividend for their principals, and sometimes a little for themselves, so that the poor settler is neither their first nor second care. Then they suggest contractors who are ready to erect buildings or fences, and report says that these contractors get rich in a short time. On tools or implements provided, there are rumours of “pickings,” and they even can recommend where horses or oxen are to be had. I merely give the “sough” of what I heard, viz. that they look fairly well after themselves and their principals ; but, as I may be doing injustice to “clients in absence,” it will be pleasanter and possibly wiser in me to avoid such personal matters, lest, if I were to tell all I learned from trustworthy

sources, I might be challenged. I try to be an impartial chronicler.

America is all surveyed, and each square mile is marked off on the land, as well as registered on the Government Ordnance Survey maps. There are 640 acres in a square mile. Settlers generally secure 160-acre lots, and cultivate them. Where, as is usually the case, no one has taken the rest of the "mile" or miles around them, their cattle may freely graze on the prairies, and splendid grazing it affords. I saw lots, of 160 acres each, in various stages, from last year's start to that of several years ago. The result was evident, almost wonderful.

On one settlement, after five years' tillage, I found one hundred and fifty fine sheep, about sixty cattle, fifty to sixty hogs, two teams of horses, three colts, some calves and stirkies, besides many fowls of all kinds; but it had been achieved by the sweat and self-denial of hard-headed, hard-handed Scotch men and women, who told of tornado and blast, hurricane and frost, death of stock by accident, disease, or visitation—a battle hardly fought, perhaps now won, but only perhaps, for a year of drought, or an extra-severe winter—or—or—may send a' "aglee."

As I will resume this subject in the next chapter, I close this one by saying, Let no one go to the prairies without a determination to ignore many of



the comforts of civilization, and fight a tough, constant, watchful battle with nature, to work constantly and wisely for many years, so as to secure success; and nothing will more certainly conduce to this most desirable result than a sufficient capital judiciously "wared."

## CHAPTER X.

### THE PRAIRIES (*continued*).



IN my last *bit* about the prairies I may have been misunderstood in the sum which I stated as desirable for effectively and economically starting prairie farm life—viz. £1200. I wish special emphasis to be put on the words *effectively* and ECONOMICALLY.

Many have not had the command of the tenth part of that sum, but by very great self-denial and plod they have got through.

I write after having had long conversations with settlers, and if any one tries to figure up the price of a house, a roomy cattle-shed with hay-loft above, fencing, team, plough, harrows, and implements, with a fair stock of cattle and pigs to start with, he will find that the £250 given out by land societies is far more than absorbed, to say nothing of two, or perhaps three, years of no return.

A young man, willing and able to work steadily,

and to "rough it," may get employment; he may earn £40 per annum, besides his board, and will learn the quality of the soils, the requirements of the climate, the severity of winter, the need of being thoroughly stocked with fodder and other necessary stores. But it will be more interesting to the reader if I chronicle what some folks have actually done. I found, on pretty general inquiry, that few born Americans take to prairie or back-wood farming, and I have met with many of various nationalities who gave it up after one or two years' trial, cleaned out by drought or cattle disease, or the lack of anything to sell, because barter is more common than cash.

To feed stock pays, whereas selling grain (nearly all say) does not; and it takes two or three years on a new settlement before any live stock is ready for the market—in the case of cattle, three or four. Flax is often sowed as a first crop, but only the seed is sold. Oat or wheat is sometimes taken off the second year's ploughing—light crops.

Indian corn needs special care; at all events, it is reported doubtful, and, in Scottish phrase, "dorty." It is rather planted than sowed. Three grains are put nearly 4 feet apart each way, and the plants therefore are so far spread that the "cleaner"—a specially-constructed "weeding plough"—can be

wrought between the plants, either up or across the field. Weeds have a provokingly nasty trick of growing on land freshly broken up, and the "cleaner" must be used at least once each way before the grain gets three feet high.

Each three grains yield three stalks, giving from three to five heads — three preferred. The heads grow about half way up the plant, and are protected with long leaves. When reaping, these husk leaves are stripped off, the head broken off and put into a waggon, which, owing to the wide space between the plants, can pass through the rows, and the stalks remain on the land until they are ploughed down next year. Hence the stubble is long and rough. In some States, where fodder is scarce, these stalks are cut into small pieces and used for feeding cattle. Should the winter come on before the "heads" are got in, the crop suffers little, as it stands frost well; but seed corn must be harvested before winter, and carefully selected.

On the greater number of farms, feeding is done with the whole head, which the cattle strip clean, leaving the core. The shorthorn breed of cattle is preferred for feeding purposes; they stand the climate well; and the stock is gradually being improved, starting as it did from the native cattle. Herefords are also favourites, and their "kenspeckle"

white heads are prominent on the prairies. I saw no Ayrshires, and very few Guernseys ; these were only found in more cultivated districts. The polled Angus and the Galloway breeds are being tried, hitherto with fairly good results. Pigs thrive well on the prairies, and when from nine to twelve months old, they can be sold readily, but a peculiar disease has appeared amongst them which threatens to be disastrous.

Where a fair capital and willing hands have gone together, the result has been excellent. I saw a farm of 320 acres, virgin prairie within the last six years, now rejoicing in a nice house, a complete onstead, and large herds of healthy cattle of all kinds. Ploughing and sowing were being heartily and cheerily gone into by folks that, although well-doing and able tradesmen during their residence in Scotland, have found their present occupation healthier, and their goods and gear increasing. I partook at their hospitable table of a fat turkey of their own rearing, and in general, as the Irish song puts it, "the 'ating is plentiful and fine," because farmers rear poultry, etc., at little expense, and, there being little market demand, the selling price is low.

I saw another large farm of 1800 acres broken up from the prairie within the last fifteen years, very fully stocked and equipped in every respect

—indeed, a systematized, model place — not the least interesting feature being about twenty happy mothers of little black piggies, each family cosy and frisky in a separate roomy pen. The orchard, lawn, trees, etc., gave evidence that plantation might be successfully carried out, and the entire onstead and stock were first-rate, so was the hospitality.

Where there are no wives or sisters on the “lot,” the insides of the houses are neither tidy nor tempting. I asked one settler — who had been “batching it,” as this life is called, for some years — how often he washed the dishes.

“About once a month in the summer season,” was his reply. “I take them to a ‘slew,’ and after rinsing them, give them a good rub with prairie grass.”

“How do you get on with the cooking?”

“Well, so-so. It was too hot work in summer, after a hard day’s work. I got a barrel of sea-biscuits; sometimes, on Sunday, I tried to cook a fowl, but *it somehow didn’t come right.*”

“What about the spring cleaning?”

“The what?” said he in surprise.

“The cleaning of the house?”

“Well, I guess that the dog’s tail did the most of that. Sometimes I took a broom, but it made more dust than before.”



"And the clothes-washing?"

"The rain did a good deal; I sometimes gave some of them a swill in a creek, but they became too little for me afterwards."

"Did you ever try starching or ironing?"

This provoked a great laugh.

"Ironing? shirt collars are unknown on the prairies. I think I have a few somewhere, but *where?* I have no notion. Ironing? starching? Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

I was, however, told that a man considered himself entitled to take a wife if he had a team, a dollar to pay the parson, not *necessarily* a waggon, although that looked better for the home-coming.

The following lines fairly represent the *status quo*:—

"He who by farming would get ritch,  
Must plow and sow, and dig and sitch,  
Work hard all day, sleep hard all night,  
Save every cent, and not get tite."

"Jane Lovell was a farmer's wife,  
A wife she was worth having too;  
For, when Jane Lovell rolled up her sleeves,  
Things round that house began to flew."

Many have erected the circular windmills spoken of in a former chapter, and, as a rule, water is found at no great depth. Deer have been seen, but very rarely. Prairie hens, resembling Scottish grouse,

are very abundant; also quails (like partridges), snipe, wild ducks, and cranes—all edible. There are very few crows. Nearly all the birds are migratory, for winter is a hard time. I heard the howling of a prairie wolf, and saw the skins of some that had recently been shot. They do not often appear, occasionally in twos or threes during winter, and the State gives from 10s. to 20s. for the tips of their ears.

There are a few raccoons, principally living in stumps or marshes; they are fond of chickens and young pigs. So are the "skunks," a fierce little creature that will face up if attacked, and emit a most offensive odour. The musk-rats have also a weakness for eggs, and there is a thing called a gopher, a sort of underground squirrel, zebra-striped in body, that digs up the newly-planted corn for its own use. There are some birds of prey, owls, hawks, etc., but neither the wild animals nor birds are so numerous as to be a pest.

The less said about the mosquito the better; his pedigree is well given thus:—"The muskito is born of poor but industrious parents, but has in his veins some of the best blood in the country." And another zoological definition is:—"The hornet is a red-hot child of nature, and has a 'bizziness' end to him." All concur in pronouncing the air delightful, and that pulmonary and other diseases

have disappeared from those afflicted with them when they left Britain.

Although I knew before my visit that hired labour was rarely found on the prairies, the implements of the settlers surprised me for their number and handiness. I found sowing-machines that would sow wheat or corn over forty feet at a time, or might be adapted to sow grass seeds; also weeders, huskers, planters, and mowers. Of the grass seeds, "Timothy" is a great favourite, grows well, makes fine hay, and *lasts*. All whom I visited had a bit of garden ground, from which they got, in their season, vegetables and fruits—many of these could hardly be grown outside in Britain, such as tomatoes and pumpkins. Orchards had been planted, and promised well.

The dress of the male sex on the prairies is homely and confined to essentials. Patchwork is fashionable; a button or two awanting, or of different sizes, kinds, or colours, is nothing thought of; cuffs and collars *nil*, and the hue of the garments is very varied, according as the sun, rain, or wind has affected them. Hats are particularly picturesque, and "Day and Martin" or other "boot blacking" may be found, but it is very far from being in general use. The complexions of the settlers were splendidly bronzed and weather-beaten, their sinews and muscles firm; and, despite the apparently never-ending and multifarious

labours, it gladdened one's heart to see everything so effectively done and so purpose-like. I noticed, and dare to chronicle, that they get on well with buildings and accommodation of a very much simpler and plainer kind than they would have taken from their "lairds" in the old country.

Prairie life is patriarchal in many respects—not least in this, that its wealth is in cattle. Produce of all kinds "consumed on the premises" by stock pays best. And it is natural to inquire, How is this live stock disposed of? Foals easily, either by being set early to work on the place or sold to a neighbour settler; and the mothers do not get the comfortable rest accorded to them in Britain; very young foals are seen following the waggons or ploughs in which their nurses are working. Cattle and pigs by being sent to the "stock-yards" existing in all large towns, which put even "Swan's" and St. Boswells' big rings into the shade.

I visited the stock-yards of Chicago, to which cattle by the thousand and pigs by the ten thousand are sent daily from all parts. These yards cover hundreds of acres, and are replenished by trains from every quarter. Not only does the live stock make a stir, but there are mounted dealers, farmers, settlers, and agents cantering about on horses, ranging from the mustang of Mexico to the thoroughbred—good riders most of them, and bronzed, swanking fellows. Sales

are sharply concluded, and the cattle as quickly allotted, some are trucked alive. The greater portion is consigned to immense *mechanical* butcheries.

I visited one establishment where they "prepare" 10,000 pigs in one day. These are weighed on a steelyard in fifties or hundreds, and paid for by certified live weight. Thereafter they are driven into the large pens of the buyers, thence into smaller ones, to the number of fifty or so. There a chain is put round the hind-leg of Mr. Pig, he is hauled up,—the younger ones squealing vigorously, the older and fatter ones only grunting out a protest at their sudden elevation. Before they have travelled four feet they are despatched quickly and deftly by one insertion of the sharp knife of the gruesome, greasy executioner. They then travel onwards, as closely as they can be strung, until, after some minutes have elapsed, they are dropped into a trough of boiling water, holding from forty to fifty.

At the further end they are lifted up by machinery, one by one, and passed into and through a machine fitted with revolving scrapers, which whisks them round and round, fore and aft, up and down; they go in bristly, they come out shaven. Onwards they travel, undergoing various processes of anatomical dissection and dismemberment; the parts, not essentially of the carcase, are put into separate boxes for special treatment, and the pork, ready for market,

appears at the other end of the mechanical abattoir. Cooling, packing, etc., then follow. Fancy 10,000 in one day. Poor pigs!—it is even said “they go in pigs, and come out nail-brushes.”

The larger cattle are shot, hauled in, dissected, apportioned, cooled in refrigerating houses, put into refrigerating cars, and sent to any market seeking them. All offal is used up; all drainage also—some for manufacturing purposes, some for fertilizers. As far as an onlooker could judge, nothing was wasted or lost. The fields around Chicago testify to the fact that the yards are regularly cleaned, and the result agriculturally applied. Large stock-yards and establishments such as I have described are to be found in various parts of America.

I followed the carcasses to the “cooking” establishment of Messrs. Libby, M’Neil, & Libby, well known over the world for tinned meats. There I found that they could prepare 1000 oxen daily, employing about 1200 people; that scrupulous attention was paid to cleanliness in every department; that the tin and the solder used in making the “cans” were of special composition, so that no chemical change could take place that would affect the contents in any degree; that for each size of “can” there was a carefully-weighed nugget of solder used, sufficient for the work, but nothing more; that the metal used was periodically analyzed to secure



uniformity; and that the finest lard was used where oil was needed. It almost startles one to see machinery capable of packing 30,000 lb. of corned beef daily. I did not wonder at one which packed the 14 lb. cans being called "Jumbo." It was equally interesting to observe the range and variety of this whole world's kitchen's specialities in catering for public taste, and the care taken that each department shall be carefully overlooked and the cans methodically tested.

To return to the prairies, I have spoken of the men-folk as not extra particular in the matter of their personal appearance. The other sex, true to the finer instincts of the feminine nature, displays much better taste in this respect. I saw prairie flowers as sweet as "Rosalie," plain in their neatness; and, in closing this motley medley, I gladly express my delight at finding, in many "new holdings," as good taste and as correct manners as in the home middle classes, and my pride at finding so many sturdy sons and daughters of Scotland, holding to the traditional virtues of their ancestors, and morally as well as physically making the wilderness and the solitary place "to blossom as the rose."


I was privileged with "Queen's weather" while on the prairies. But since my return the following passage occurs in a letter received from Iowa:—"You were lucky in having fine weather when here, which

made it more pleasant. We had a dreadful storm the week after you left, with wind, snow, sleet, and rain. Cattle that were out grazing on the prairie were driven before the blast in all directions, and their owners had much trouble searching for them, as some of them were driven twelve or fifteen miles from their home ; before being found, many of them had perished. It is said that hundreds have died around here. Luckily for me, I drove mine all into the 'kraal' when I *saw the storm* approaching, and lost none."

This needs no comment. I noticed that one of the first and the last things which my host did daily was to watch if the "prairie fire" was coming near him, or if there were threatenings of a storm "brewing."

## CHAPTER XI.

### NIAGARA.

N entering Canada from the west, I found the country hillier and knollier than the prairies upon which I had been for several days. There was more of the forest primeval ; several of the cleared fields still retained the sturdy stumps of the old trees, in others these had been extracted and set up as a fence,—a barricade would have been a more appropriate name, considering their height, rugged outline, and fending powers. The large orchards and gardens were interesting ; but my destination was Niagara, reckoned ever since I can remember as one of the seven wonders of the world ; and this great “coming event” lessened my interest in “passing” scenes.

On the night before my arrival there had been a fall of snow, accompanied by severe frost, and many of the trees had every twig and branch encased in ice, which made them “weeping” shrubs, on which the sunlight produced lovely effects. The station at which I arrived is about two miles from the Falls,

and there were touting cabmen who offered to drive visitors around and show "everything" for two dollars (8s.). It were nearly as well not to go at all as to put oneself under such guidance, for they whirl you to a few favourite peeps, and either get rid of you as soon as possible, or put on an extravagant extra charge for more than their idea of the "round."

Niagara is a great subject—perhaps the greatest even in this day of travel and adventure. It cannot be taken in by persons travelling like detectives, or rushing in hot haste to the next train, unless they follow the advice of the Edinburgh bailie, who, on being asked by a party of American travellers if they could "do" Edinburgh, Roslin, Hawthornden, and Melrose, and get into Glasgow the same night.

"Hardly," was his quaint reply. "Edinburgh cannot be half 'done' in a day; and if that is all the time you can give, you would be wiser to spend an hour or two looking over a good collection of *photographs* of Scottish scenery."

To master Niagara, the visitor has to "turn and gaze, and turn again;" to plant himself at various points of view, and let the mighty scene "creep into his study of imagination" through eye, and ear, and heart.

I was driven, in the bright sunshine and crisp frosty air of a "snellish" bright April morning, to

the Prospect Hotel, which stands almost on the brink of the ravine, within a very short distance of the "Horseshoe" Fall, on the Canadian side, and commands the entire scene. While from the coffee-room, or platform, I looked on the scene, I felt that it was truly great—too great to belong to any one nation ; but well fitted to form the silver line that divides two great nations—the one the hoary embodiment of the civilization of the old world, the other the Samson of the new, whose brawny muscle is developing the great material resources of his wide domain, and whose keen intellect is making the circle of the sciences help him effectively in completing the victory of mind over matter.

Who has not felt the difficulty of describing the grand and the majestic in nature ? I feel, as is told of the Paisley weaver on his visit to Lochgoil, at a great loss for adjectives. He ascended from "fine" to "grand," to "splendid," "magnificent," etc., until he had to squeeze out the highly improper climax—"Isna the works o' Nature devilish ?" Niagara was broader, vaster than I had pictured it. Above the Falls the ground is comparatively low and flat, not at all like a gorge, and for a mile before it takes the plunge it has started on a canter of from twenty to forty miles an hour, over a course nearly two miles wide, surging between low, tree-clad islands of various sizes, taking here and there a trial leap of

from two to eight feet, foaming, rushing, occasionally firing off platoons of spray, or boiling up like geyser hot springs. On it came,—strong, fast, and billowy, bearing on its surface huge masses of ice, with which it sported as with feathers.

The Horseshoe Fall has receded in the centre, and, the tip of the “shoe” having fallen in, the shape is like, or is becoming like, the dumpy horn of a rhinoceros. On the “Dominion” side the half of the horseshoe is still very perfect, and over it huge masses of greenish-coloured water hurl themselves, abruptly and solemnly, as if on important business, grading in tint from pale sage green where the water is twenty to thirty feet deep, gradually to pure white at the shallower edge.

About the middle of the Horseshoe, where the “tip” once was, the rocks have fallen in, and the river bed is slightly lower. Towards this point the lower part of the rapids wildly converge, rushing to the huge vortex, and chafing furiously in their course, until they plunge into the great seething, hissing, boiling caldron, whence platoons of spray are shot up in all directions, and tumultuous “confusion worse confounded” reigns. The other half of the Horseshoe Fall, terminating on Goat Island, is equally grand and impressive. I was struck with the completeness of the views that can be had of Niagara from all sides and of all kinds. The banks,



or rather the top of the banks, of the river below the Falls is nearly on a level with the Falls themselves, and in some places rather lower, so that one can take in the entire scene.

From the American to the Canadian bank of the river, the Falls and islands present a frontage of three-quarters of a mile in width, by about 165 feet high, so that the breadth is thirty times the height, and the lay of the land is such that the visitor can get very near to the top of the cascades on all sides,—close enough to see the boiling caldron of misty spray into which the torrent is hurled, to get front, side, or end views easily, and from the various islands to see the rapids and the Falls safely and well. There is no steep gorge to descend as on Clydeside, or at Schaffhausen ; the land around is not generally higher above the top of the Falls than an ordinary mill wear or damhead.

Either the United States Government or the State of New York have acquired Prospect Park and corner, with all the islands and the ground bordering on the Falls on the American side. They have also erected substantial and elegant bridges between the islands, and generally have done all that could be wished to enable the visitor, either driving or on foot, to see the various phases of the great rapids and cascades comfortably. The Canadian Government, or the Legislature of the Province of Ontario,

are providing the same facilities for visitors on the Canadian side. These "reservations" by the Governments secure to all easy access at a moderate charge, and free visitors from the constant "black-mail" formerly levied by guides and "touters."

The Falls have been so generally reproduced in paintings, engravings, and photographs, that I spare my readers anything high-falutin about them. If the poet Southey made so much of "How the torrent comes down at Lodore," until his poem seemed like a review of all the adjectives in the English language that could be marshalled to represent water in violent motion, it would be presumption in me to attempt to describe the indescribable. Let any one multiply "Lodore" by any number of thousands he likes to come approximately to the grand reality. I felt more inclined to be silent, as Mrs. Sigourney aptly puts it,—

"'Mid the peal sublime of thy tremendous hymn,"

and to recall her lines,—

"Flow on for ever, in thy glorious robe  
Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on  
Unfathom'd and resistless—God hath set  
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud  
Mantled around thy feet. And He doth give  
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him  
Eternally—bidding the lip of man  
Keep silence—and upon thine altar pour  
Incense of awe-struck praise.

. . . . .

But as for us, it seems  
Scarce lawful, with our erring lips to talk  
Familiarly of thee—methinks to trace  
Thine awful features with our pencil's point,  
Were but to press on Sinai."

Niagara is an Indian word meaning "The thunder of waters;" the roar is grand, but not deafening. The spray is so dense and so high as, in my opinion, to deaden the sound somewhat, and, in its ever-varying form, bulk, shade, and spasmodic jerkiness, it supplies one of the most beautiful features of the Falls. Sometimes, and at some places, I could see nearly to the bottom; at other times the vapours rose to the top; luckily the wind was down the valley and light, so that the whole verge was visible all day. The rainbows were exquisite, and by a slight change of position I could make them span the two principal falls by a cerulean arch, or get a segment in any corner I pleased. At the bottom, where the spray was dense, there was a very pleasing softness in the rainbow, and occasionally, from the failure of spray, only the ends of the arch were seen, then a bit of the middle would fill up. I confess to having had quite a schoolboy pleasure in making the rainbows do what I liked.

The Fall on the American side is 1100 feet wide; it also is receding in the centre, but the edge whence it plunges abruptly into the chasm is still fairly straight. In front of it, caused by the frost fixing

the spray and fallen snow, lay huge blocks of pure white ice, fantastic in shape ; one resembled a huge polar bear, magnified a hundred times, another a huge elephant, another a frog ; their sizes were more like the Mastodons or Megatheria and Ichthyosaurs of old. One ice-rock would measure 250 feet long by 80 feet high, with a smooth sonsie back ; and a fanciful spectator could easily find faces and strange shapes on its various corners. All the ice blocks were smoothly rounded, not angular, and in some places along the banks there were icicles like pine trees.

Encasing myself in hideous oilskin overalls and a peaked hood, I descended by a corkscrew stair to an ice-covered rock which lay on the margin of the river, and scrambled as best I could along the slippery surface, until I got beneath and behind the Falls. The sensations produced by the immense volume and rush of the overarching and descending waters were awe-inspiring, but the constant flickering of the eyes as they tried to rest on the ever-twisting falling torrent produced giddiness, and jets of water or spray, as if indignant at human intrusion, seemed to delight in making a target of the face. Altogether I met with a damp reception. I also walked to the brink of the river a little farther down, and saw new beauties revealing themselves all around.

The river settles at a short distance from the

Falls, and moves majestically onwards. Its breadth takes away from the apparent depth of its banks, and the surrounding country is flat. An elegant suspension bridge unites America and Canada within five minutes' walk of both Falls; from it grand views worth lingering over are obtained.

About three miles farther down the river than the Falls are the "Rapids," where the stream, which generally is from 800 to 1000 feet wide, narrows itself to about 300 feet. The current here is intensely swift, and the waves from the converging sides dash against one another in angrier fury than ever I saw on other waters; so much so that the centre of the river is generally from 30 to 40 feet higher than the sides, and the waves are goring each other like the "horns of an angry bull."

I had my ideas of the perilous freaks of adventurers rather modified here. I thought, likely from having carelessly read the accounts, that several daring men had actually come over the Falls of Niagara, and *lived*. That is not so; they have passed through the Rapids I am now describing; and bad enough they certainly are, but they are merely a very swift, angry, dangerous current—angrier than any waves on salt or fresh water I ever saw. Still, they are not the Falls; they end in a dangerous, big whirlpool, with treacherous under-



NIAGARA IN WINTER.







current, and issue thence in an even angrier stream, only 220 feet wide, into a broad river navigable from Lake Ontario.

It was here that Captain Matthew Webb perished. The boatman that rowed him to the top of the Rapids advised him to desist, and enjoy the £5000 he had got for former feats in the English Channel. But he dived, after saying "he would like to double the stakes." It is thought that the tremendous side-currents had dislocated his neck, as that was all that was found wrong when his body was recovered. He had nothing on excepting a bathing-dress. Since then, a cooper has shot the same rapids in a cask, and a man and a woman have performed the perilous feat together in a barrel; while one of the police force of Boston, now called Professor Kendall, got through them with the aid of a cork jacket. He was insensible for hours afterwards, and is said to have declared that he would not try the same prank again for all the money in the world.

It was reported that some one intended this year to dare to go over the Falls themselves in a barrel; and since my return to Scotland, I have read that this has been done. If so, I feel, in the words of the proverb, "The de'il's owre grit wi' ye, ye're no canny;" and waft all such adventurers Mr. Punch's advice to persons about to marry—DON'T.

There is a current joke in the district about the first little steamer that ferried the river near the Falls, and carried passengers almost to their base, having been attached for debt; but while the Sheriff was on his way to seize it, steam was got up, and it shot the terrible Rapids with only the loss of the smoke-shaft, and is now doing tug-work at Montreal. The guides recount the feats of Blondin on the tight-rope,—hurling a man across Niagara on a barrow, and such-like, but it gave me a headache to look at the place where he performed them.

I saw the Falls under sunshine and shade, and even partly under the one and the other; saw the evening effect of darkness creeping up the roaring inn, while sunset touches of glory lightened the trees and land around. I saw the morning sun rise and tinge the misty vapours; saw it dart its bright light into the chafing, surging, seething billowy caldron at the middle of the Horseshoe Fall, and crest the Rapids with gleaming restless silver; my last glance was of a rainbow spanning the river.

I think that Solomon, in one of his moody fits, says that the "eye is not satisfied with seeing." I would have doubted his wisdom had he said this about Niagara, unless he had referred to his never being tired of seeing it—its perpetual motion, its vastness, the hurling cascade, here green at the top, but becoming light and fleecy, like a bride's veil, as

it descends; the Middle Fall making one sheer leap from the top, and forming a Grey Mare's Tail that would have enchanted Robert Burns,—the whole forming a sweep of more than the eyes can take in without moving, of a mighty, irresistible, tremendous torrent, ending in a glorious cascade and chafing caldron, formed by a river that drains the largest fresh-water lakes in the world, and is the largest feeder of the river which, Americans say, puts more fresh water into the sea than any other river on the globe (my geography, or rather hydrography, is so rusty, that I hesitate to recall something about the Amazon or Mississippi or—). This scrap is very scrappy, but it would tax a "skilled" man to handle such a subject aright, while at the same time it would ill become a scribbler altogether to flinch from outlining Niagara.

Is it ungracious to remark, that the sense of picturesque propriety is offended by the utilitarian look of the public works which, on the American side, draw "power" from the Falls, and return it, through inartistic rocky tunnels formed in the banks, into the river? These reminded me of a Cockney friend's indignant protest against the domestic surroundings of Melrose Abbey. "It is 'orrible," said he, "to see the beggarly helements of this world intruding their plain hugliness upon such a sacred spot."

## CHAPTER XII.

### CANADA.

**M**Y stay in Canada was too short to admit of more than a railway journey from one city to another, and a day or two's residence in each ; besides, it was at the time of half-winter half-spring, when neither the country nor the cities looked their best. Yet, even in these unfavourable circumstances, I saw enough to impress me with the great resources of the Dominion, the energy of its inhabitants, and the rapid development of social and material progress. Its immense inland lakes, which may not inaptly be called seas,—its profusion of great navigable rivers, connected where necessary with each other or with the lakes by suitable canals,—its 12,000 miles of railways completed, and several lines in course of construction,—are securing a prosperous “present,” and pointing to a glorious future.

As a triumph of engineering skill, untiring energy, and determined perseverance, the Canadian Pacific Railway, which traverses the continent from the

Atlantic to the Pacific, stands unrivalled. In proof of this statement, I subjoin a few quotations from the *Canadian Almanac*, 1887:—

“The longest continuous line of rails in the world, it presented difficulties in its construction which are unparalleled. On the Nipissing section to Lake Superior, some four hundred miles, the country to be traversed was a broken tract, rocky, timbered, and interspersed throughout with innumerable lakes and streams. It was entirely uninhabited, and provisions, clothing, and necessities of every description, for the men engaged in building the railway, had to be provided by the Company. Storehouses had to be established, hospitals built, and medical staff provided; fodder for horses; material, tools, and explosives for the work.

“Next came the Lake Superior section, where the work consisted chiefly of cutting and tunnelling through rocks of the hardest possible character, or hewing a bench or ledge around the face of beetling cliffs, towering hundreds of feet above. Here, and to some extent in the mountains, the Company found it prudent and economical to manufacture their explosives largely on the spot, and the total sum spent on explosives on the entire works amounted to over 21,000,000 dols. = £4,200,000 sterling. Some particular sections cost 700,000 dols. = £140,000 sterling per mile.

“Difficult engineering questions bristled on all sides. Rivers had to be diverted, lakes drained, mountains tunnelled, chasms bridged, and the material required for all these works anticipated for months. Yet, throughout the whole period, the transportation department never once failed to respond promptly to the call of the construction department, which was not delayed a moment for material.

“To carry on these operations on three extended sections (at one time, four), to pay the wages, buy the supplies, clothing, food for men, fodder for horses, was in itself a financial undertaking such as only nations before had attempted; but it was done by the indomitable courage, the enterprise, the financial and administrative skill of a handful of individuals, and presented to the nation in 1886, five years *before* the stipulated time for its completion.”

I need make no apology for the above “bits” about the construction of the great railway, any



more than I do for those that follow regarding its results, which are alike gratifying, substantial, and worthy of "honourable mention":—

"In the early spring of 1885, large bodies of troops, destined to suppress the North-West Rebellion, were taken charge of by the Company, carried, fed, housed, and landed at the seat of war, in a short space of time, without accident, and in spite of intervening sections of unfinished railway. India, China, and Australia, and the lesser British Colonies in the Pacific, were dependent until now, in case of pressing need, upon the integrity of the Suez Canal. England has neighbours of an uncertain temper, and a canal can be effectually blocked, as has already occurred, by a sunken 'dredger.' Not so with the Canadian route: running through British territory, it is always open, always free to British troops. It has naval and military depots, stores, docks, and unlimited steam coal at either end,—within hail, so to speak, of Bermuda, and five days' sail from England.

"In point of time, China, Japan, and Australia can be reached from England in less time than by the old routes, and India as soon, and the deadly Red Sea avoided. Tourists from 'older Britain' to the East, who have settled in the Pacific Colonies and India, weary of dusty, burned-up Aden in the Red Sea, and broiling heat of Egypt, will gladly take advantage of our temperate clime, varying their journey with land and sea, visiting new cities, new people, and enjoying mountain scenery which no other country can offer to them. We have already felt the touch of the 'Orient' trade. We have seen teas from Japan and China landed in Canada, carried overland through Canada, delivered in Canada, and, furthermore, forwarded to cities throughout the United States *from* Canada. A new field is found for the products and industries of the East; a new field is opened to the enterprise of our youth. The wealth of the wheat regions of the North-West, the highly-favoured cattle ranges, the mineral resources in the intervening country and in the mountains, must all redound to the profit of the country, and help materially to make it, what it is bound to be, 'a land of plenty.'"

"We have spoken of the Canadian Pacific Railway only so far as its main line was concerned, but it must not be forgotten, that, while all we have described was in active progress, a very complete system

was being put together, piece by piece, in Ontario and Manitoba. It reaches every important city and town in Canada, and by purchase of the Government line reaches Quebec and Montreal. In addition, it has provided the more advanced of its newer districts with branch lines, and all the advantages railway service can contribute towards the welfare of the pioneer."

A perusal of the above quotations induces one to add Amen to the concluding paragraph:—

"How these changes have been wrought in five years,—how Canada has been forced into prominence, its hundreds of thousands of miles of unknown country brought to light, rendered accessible, and now furnishing homes to all who care to come,—will be known to future generations as the outcome of the Canadian Pacific Railway."

It was outside of my plan to go, as can now be done, from Halifax to Vancouver, a distance of 3500 miles in 116 hours, and it was only a very small moiety of the three and a half millions of square miles of the Dominion of Canada that I visited, seeing that the whole area is fully thirty times larger than that of all the British Islands put together. In the older settlements there were large fields well cultivated and fenced, good homesteads, and fine orchards. During the few hours which I spent in the city of Hamilton, Ontario, I admired its wide streets, elegant and substantial buildings, and comfortable residences. There was a rattling energy in the stream of life that thronged its cleanly thoroughfares, a general look of well-to-do-ness about the people. The cordial Scottish welcome accorded to

me in the cosy home of Scottish friends, made me regret that I could not see more of them and of the district. The sunset "effect" on its spires and picturesque surroundings was exquisite.

From Hamilton to Toronto I travelled with a sturdy Scottish settler in search of agricultural machinery, and a remark he made about some old settlers somewhat resembled the account which a worthy Forfarshire elder gave of the former ministers of Dunnichen, at an ordination dinner, "that three had died, and one had gone to *a better place*."

Where universal kindness was experienced, it looks invidious to mention names; but I was so deeply indebted to Major Greig of Toronto, for showing me the manifold objects of beauty and interest in the city of his adoption comfortably and thoroughly, that I venture thus publicly to thank that genial, loyal, and excellent Scottish-Canadian, or, as he may possibly prefer to be called, Canadian Scot.

Toronto in Indian means "the place of meeting," and is now spoken of as the "Queen City of the Lakes;" it is fast spreading itself along the margin of Lake Ontario, imitating the "lang toon o' Kirk-caldy," by taking more length than breadth. Its public buildings include "The UNIVERSITY," a massive pile in the pure Norman style of architecture, situated in a large park, on an eminence overlooking the city and the lake, and graced by a wide approach

lined with double rows of noble trees. Near it is the "QUEEN'S PARK," with its fine walks and statues, in which the new Government buildings are now being erected—Trinity College is an attractive building; the Cathedral of St. James, a fine massive example of 13th century Gothic; and there are other very handsome churches and public edifices. The streets are wide. It is a standing joke in the city that "Yonge" street is nearly forty miles long,—that name being given to the entire road that bore the stream of emigrants from Lake Ontario to the more northern lakes, before the days of the railways. Many of the warehouses and offices are immense and elegant structures, beehives of energy and plod; manufactures of various kinds abound; and the bustle of the streets, quays, wharves, and railway depots, indicates that Toronto as a commercial centre bids fair to rival, if not to outstrip, Montreal, owing to the numbers of railways from the fast-growing North-West districts that converge there, for lake navigation or the general carrying trade.

Ottawa, the seat of the Canadian Government, was selected by Queen Victoria as the capital of Canada in 1858. It is conveniently situated for the Eastern and older provinces, but too far from the recently added Western ones. The Government buildings in Ottawa are built on a commanding situation, in the ornate floral Gothic style, perhaps

too ornate. They are commodious, well lighted, and airy.

I heard from the Speaker's Gallery part of the debate in the House of Commons about the Coercion Bill of the British Government. There was a good deal of speaking "at lairge," and much that was said reminded me of the scolding which a clergyman of bygone days used to give to his congregation *when the audience was small*; for Ireland and the Irish came in for some very plain language, which, *had the "malignants" been present*, might have been salutary, but, like the minister's "flyting," it was bestowed on those who did not deserve it, and not upon the real delinquents. It was not made a "Cabinet" question, and the general opinion of the older Parliamentary "hands" was that Canada had enough to do with her own affairs, and should not meddle with such a ticklish point, especially as advice, like medicine, is more easily given than taken.

Canadians, as a rule, are in favour of such a scheme of Home Rule as they themselves have, — provincial government combined with central control. Prominent amongst those in the House were Sir John Macdonald, the Prime Minister, firm, self-possessed, defiant. The Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, ex-Prime Minister, was in the House, but apparently in feeble health; and the members

look shrewd business-like men. In the lobbies of the House, and of the hotels, I conversed with many, and found them hopeful, communicative, and pronouncedly loyal. The library is a handsome polygonal structure on the north front of the Parliament House, and is elegantly furnished. It contains about 50,000 volumes, and is amply supplied with reading easels, writing desks, and a well-equipped reading - room. In the centre is a white marble statue of Queen Victoria, in semi-Grecian drapery and sandalled feet, a light coronet on her head, adorned with Maltese crosses and *fleurs-de-lis*; a sceptre in her right hand, and a wreath of laurel in her left; on the pedestal appears, "Marshall Wood," 1871. There are busts of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Marquis of Lorne, and other eminent people; and it would help *strangers* not a little to have the names put either on the busts or the pedestals, for one of the men in charge had to inquire at another before he could give me the names of some of the patriots in marble.

I arrived at Montreal when the lower part of the city was under water, and the wide St. Lawrence covered with a dense, irregular "ice - block," composed of pile upon pile of huge lumps stretching across the river, and up and down as far as the eye could reach. So dense was the "jam," that individuals were seen far out on it, picking up fire-



wood and other débris. At the "LION" of Montreal,—the "Victoria Bridge," nearly two miles long,—which spans the river St. Lawrence, sometimes called the eighth wonder of the world, the vast field of ice came crunching along at the rate of about ten miles an hour; as it struck the cutwaters of the massive piers, huge cakes from two to three feet in thickness were smashed in pieces, and fell backwards on the advancing avalanche, which kept hurrying down under the bridge. Despite the enormous weight and momentum with which the solid masses of this floating sea were hurled against the piers, not the slightest vibration was discernible on any part of the bridge.

Mutterings, loud and deep, were uttered against the River Commissioners for having dropped the "dredgings" of the harbour into the channel, narrowed by an island a little below the town, instead of carrying it further seawards; and of course engineers were found who maintained that that had nothing to do with the ice-block. Be this as it may, those who love that city—and who that has seen its magnificence or shared its hospitality does not?—should try to prevent the recurrence of ice-jams, as they must affect the tide of prosperity, which its splendid situation and general fitness for trade, commerce, and education warrant and should command.

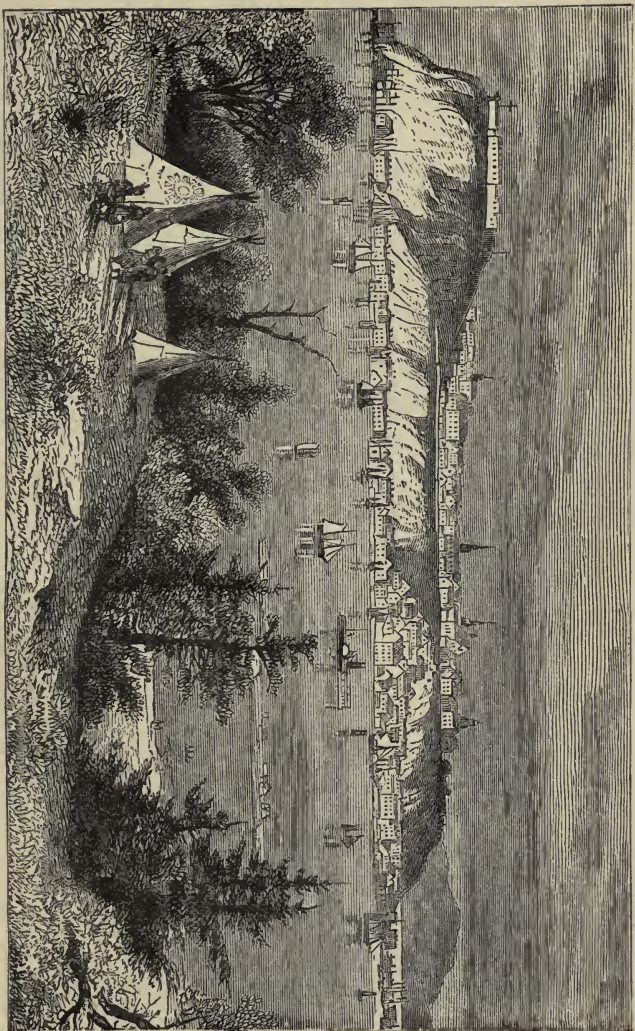
I must not linger on the quaint old markets, the splendid churches, and public buildings of Montreal,—nor on its famous drive "*Around the mountain*," Réal, from which the city takes its name. I found, on going to visit a friend on the quays, that his office was only to be reached by a boat. I was, moreover, picked up by a genial giant of an old and honoured name in Edinburgh, and was otherwise so thoughtfully entertained, that I feel inclined to beg pardon for referring to the ice-flood, seeing I was too late to see the great fête of the year, "the Ice Palace" and its enchanting gaieties.

No visitor should fail to see Quebec, with its stirring surroundings of the plains of Abraham, where General Wolfe fell, and ancient walls and gates. It is a city set on a hill, crowned, like Edinburgh or Stirling, with a fine old citadel and fort, and glittering with spires, towers, and fine buildings. It occupies a large peninsula formed at the confluence of the St. Lawrence and Charles Rivers, where the water is several miles wide. There are islands in the channel, with bluff headlands, and covered with timber; on the opposite banks are nice towns, with massive and pretty buildings, erected on ground that rises suddenly from the river. I crossed the St. Lawrence several times in a plucky little ferry steamer, which clove its way through the immense ice-blocks that covered the

bed of the river. The view from the south bank, especially at sun-down, was lovely. Altogether the scenery about and around Quebec is picturesque and fascinating. Appleton's *Handbook to the United States and Canada*, which I found excellent and reliable, thus describes it:—

“The point to which the attention of the stranger in Quebec is first directed is Durham Terrace, which lies along the edge of the cliff, towering 200 feet above the river, and overlooking the lower town. Dufferin Terrace has lately been added to ‘Durham,’ making an unequalled promenade over a quarter of a mile long. The outlook from the terrace is one of the finest in the world, and is of itself worth a trip to Quebec. . . . Cape Diamond, 333 feet above the stream, is crowned with the vast fortifications of the citadel, considered so impregnable that they have gained for Quebec the appellation of the Gibraltar of America.”

It sounded a little strange to hear French so much spoken in Montreal and Quebec; and in the latter city to meet so many Roman Catholic priests and students. They literally swarm, and the greater number of the buildings are either churches, colleges, nunneries, or in other ways connected with the Roman Catholic faith. As evidence of the watchfulness of this Church, I append a document received from one of the senators, viz. a Bill which has been defeated with some difficulty. It would form a grand text for anti-papal supremacy orators, and hardly needs comment. The provision in clause 3 about *fining* the SHERIFF is a master-touch. In these days of widening “Voluntary” principles and



QUEBEC (FROM THE SOUTH BANK OF THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE).





indifference to tests and forms, it is a new sensation to come across anything so very High-Churchy as this draft Bill.

“BILL.

“An Act respecting oaths and the administration of oaths.

“Her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislature of Quebec, enacts as follows :—

“1. In all of Her Majesty's Courts of Justice in the Province, a crucifix shall be placed in a conspicuous place, opposite the witness-box or the place in which witnesses stand during examination, and such crucifix shall be of the size determined by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council.

“2. Every court, judge, magistrate, prothonotary, clerk, and other person entrusted with administering oaths, shall, before a witness be allowed to swear and give his testimony, call upon him to lift his right hand in front of the crucifix, and to place his left hand on the book of the Evangelists, and to cause him to swear before the crucifix and upon the Holy Evangelists to tell the truth and the whole truth in the cause in which he is to be heard as a witness.

“3. Every sheriff shall place or cause to be placed a crucifix in the manner above indicated in each and every of the court-houses within the limits of his district, under a penalty of fifty dollars for each day in which he neglects so to do.

“4. Such penalty shall be recovered from such sheriff by any person suing for the same before any Circuit Court of the district in which the offence has been committed, and shall belong to the prosecutor.

“5. This Act shall not affect the provisions contained in articles 255 and 259 of the Code of Civil Procedure of Lower Canada.

“6. This Act shall come into force three months after the day of its sanction.”

The French population is increasing rapidly in Lower Canada ; registration authorities represent it



as exceedingly prolific, and that families range as often by the score as by the dozen. Notwithstanding the immense increase in railways and modes of conveyance, the immigration is not so large as might be desired. I was accosted in a hotel lobby at Ottawa, by a railway contractor, a good specimen of the "Macdonalds," a genial, jolly, comfortable-looking middle-aged "beau," who launched out about not getting some big folks in Britain and others in Canada to back him in a great scheme. He declared himself prepared to employ 15,000 men, to feed them, etc., for two years, pay a fair wage, and give 120 acres of land, with a house on the lot, after the railway was finished ; and many talked enthusiastically of the excellent and abundant settling grounds which are awaiting the congested population of Europe. The tide of emigration has lately been more toward the States than to Canada.


The winter in Canada, which Europeans so much dread, seems to be to the Canadians a very jolly time. Ice palaces and sleighing are in high repute. Tobogganing is another great pastime. It is like the "hurley bucket" in Biggar of old, being a slide on a kind of board, down a very long inclined plane ; and the impetus carries the voyager a good way on level ground. The pace seems furious. A friend tried it once, and declared

that he would not have missed the "treat" for 100 dollars. On being urged to have another slide, he replied that he would not try it again for 10,000 dollars. Kind and hospitable are our fellow-subjects in British North America—loyal, strongly, demonstratively loyal; I met many who had relatives in Manitoba and Winnipeg, thriving and happy. Still there seems room for many more, and, as far as I could judge, there is a fair prospect of many years of increasing prosperity in the Dominion.

In the *Canadian Society*, New York, I heard a lecture by Principal Grant, of Kingston, Ont., on "Canada First," and elsewhere the future relations of America and Canada were freely discussed. As, twenty years ago, it was found that there could not be a "North" and "South," it seems generally recognised that a still further northern independent "Union" would not be advisable. Absorption into the United States, or closer federation with Britain, are the other alternatives. The latter is the mind of Canada. Perfect freedom of commercial intercourse would immensely benefit both. Free trade would best serve all. Canada is intensely loyal. A United States boy's ambition is to see Europe; a Canadian's, to see THE QUEEN.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### SCHOOLS, LIBRARIES, AND NEWSPAPERS.

 EDUCATION is said to be the birthright of every child in America. What a pity it does not come by inheritance, and develop with the natural growth! I had often heard that the educational system of America was excellent, and tried to see a little of its working. I visited one Normal School, where 1500 young ladies marched, with steady precision of tramp, into a large hall, and at a given signal sat down simultaneously. After some hymn-singing and Scripture reading, several of them from the body of the hall gave recitations with admirable distinctness and point, the object being not only to test their elocution, but to enable them to cultivate self-reliance. I saw a large class being taught in the gymnasium of the same institution, and the professoress did not spare those who were slovenly or awkward. Her eye was sharp, her voice was "snell," and where anything specially obnoxious required action, she strode to the spot and smartly

straightened the *raw recruit*. "Shoulder-oop" was the word, and her word was LAW.

I also visited several graded day schools, all characterized by roomy class-rooms, good light, fresh air, clean floors, active teachers, and apparently quick children,—each class in a separate room, whilst several rooms could be made into a hall by removing folding doors; there were also spare gallery rooms, into which classes were taken for lessons requiring illustration. The black-board was in great request. Maps, globes, object-lessons, illustrations of natural history and mechanics, of plant, animal, vegetable, and fish life, decked the walls. Answers were smartly given, and sometimes an explanation was asked by a scholar; but I gathered nothing "outré" and will not import old bon-mots. There was generally a good playground.

The "drilling" had evidently been thorough, and mechanical smartness in rising, sitting, and marching, had been attained. I thought there was also more *teaching* than in Scotland, and less mere *hearing* of lessons; which means more done in school, and rather less to do at home,—a thing many parents greatly long for, and School Boards should insist upon; as the home work, owing to the dreary length and variety of lessons to be learned or written there, steals the night both from parents and children. In some schools the lesson of the coming day was gone

over and "broken down" during the last half-hour ; and in arithmetic, the teacher always did a sum or two on the black-board before asking the pupils to do any. Several teachers, however, told me that the Scottish children who came to them were "better thinkers," and really more thoroughly grounded than Americans, if not so quick at gymnastic or mechanical exercises. One who had visited British schools said, "Your teachers do not seem to me to *teach*,—they merely correct mistakes and *listen* to repetition of lessons. I could only have found out that they were cleverer than the scholars, by hearing the corrections they made. They do not read before the scholars, and therefore the reading is often bad and much too low. Many were either afraid of the teachers or of their own voices ; and in many instances the prō-nunciation was queer."

I thought the latter remark quite as applicable to America, until I recalled an old Scotch friend's remark about London, "Yon London folk are clever folk and kind folk, but they're desp'rate ill aff for a language. They didna ken what an edicated man said till them, though I spoke as plain as ABC. It's a pity. We maun send them some Scotch schule-maisters."

Singing had considerable attention, and some part-singing was done with fine effect of graduation from low to strong parts. As far as I could learn,

there was little corporal punishment, anything at all severe in that direction is considered as "assaulting a free-born American citizen," and is a high misdemeanour, resented, and bringing *legal* trouble.

The girls and boys of America are very frank, even precocious. Asking questions that startle a stranger, joining in conversation at table, and making very free remarks ; outspoken about their likes and hates ; fond of candy, fond of pie ; more self-asserting, more opinionative, more independent of parental control, than their British cousins. Roller skates are a favourite amusement with them on all smooth concreted pavements, and they manage to "jink" the staid policemen with great agility. Large covered skating rinks are "institutions," patronized by old and young, and lovingly, hand-in-hand, do couples glide around, skilfully piloting their way across the crowded floor, making few "spills."

Base-ball has strong attractions for boys ; either it was "in" during my visit, or it is the favourite game. Morning and night, Sunday and Saturday, I saw it engaged in, occasionally with very crude appliances, such as an old barrel stave or a walking-stick with which to strike the ball ; the boys running as only boys can run and do run, all the world over, shouting, laughing, and hearty.

I accompanied some young friends to "Barnum's" great "immeasurable, moral, incomparable" show,



first visiting the menagerie, a wonderful collection, where London's late famous elephant Jumbo, stuffed, Jumbo's skeleton, Jumbo's widow and son, were to be seen. The "forum" is immense, having three "rings" for performances, and, outside of these, a broad track all round. At the start, a cavalcade, consisting of twenty elephants, several camels, dromedaries, horses, and other quadrupeds, marched round the outer hippodrome; thereafter, each ring was filled by equestrians, who did great feats, or elephants who danced "the Lancers," or donkeys, or pigs ridden by monkeys. Dogs did wonders. There were flying trapezists taking miraculous leaps, and performing most hazardous antics; men in white imitating gladiators, and every now and again forming themselves into effective *poses plastiques*; swimmers dived, swam, rumbled and tumbled about in a large bath. Indeed, there was more going on at one time than anybody could take in. The clowns made great fun with the elephants, monkeys, or pigs; and Barnum seems quite entitled to the distinction which he claims, of having the "biggest show in the world." Not a moment was lost between one performance and another. The music was fine, possibly because the conductor—at least so I was informed—was a Scotsman.

Many will admit that there are objects of interest within easy reach of their homes, which, because

they can visit them at any time, they have not seen at all ; whereas, from the wish to learn all they can in other lands, they "do" foreign sights and institutions methodically and leisurely, perhaps even critically. I felt this to be the case when I visited the free libraries of America. In that of Boston the large reading-room was crowded with persons of all conditions, ages, and sexes, perusing newspapers and periodicals, of which there was an abundant supply, home and foreign. In the central hall of the library are large glass cases filled with literary curiosities,—old black-letter books, first editions of well-known or rare works, in quaint lettering and spelling ; palimpsests, parchments, autograph letters, old and new, of kings, queens, statesmen, and men of genius ; documents of topical interest about the War of Independence, and Boston's early history and heroes. Shelves towered above shelves, laden with books ; while in the consulting rooms students browsed over folios, deftly brought to them by smart female librarians.

I was shown over the Toronto Public Library by Mr. James Bain, jun., chief librarian, and admired the clever simplicity of the double-shelved bookcases, stretching in rows across the floor, with right-width passages between, so that every book was readily reached, and the light from the roof uninterrupted. The easy means of shifting the shelves, and pre-

venting the front row from pushing the back row out of line, were simple and suitable. I had no idea that there was such a variety of books for blind readers as I saw in the three different styles of "characters" here.

The reading-room was crowded, and well supplied with newspapers and periodical literature, including *Blackwood*, *Athenæum*, *Chambers's Journal*, *Cassell's Quarterly Review*, *Good Words*, *Punch* (2 copies), *Fun* (2 copies), *Graphic* (3 copies), *Berlin Free Press*, *Cornhill*, *Revue des deux Mondes*, *Staats Zeitung*, *Gartenlaub*, *Illustrierte Zeitung*, *Times*, *Manchester Courier*, *Examiner*, *Glasgow Herald*, and the *Scotsman*; besides a host of Canadian and American papers, many of which were supplied *gratis*. For the use of specialists were journals called *Inventors*, *Academy*, *Zoologist*, *Tailor and Cutter*, *Theatre*, *Sporting Life*, *Sanitary Engineer*, *Practitioner*, *Plumber and Decorator*, *Poultry Review*, *Mechanical and Milling News*, *Iron*, *Live-Stock Journal*, *Israel's Banner*, *Chemical News*, *Dairyman*, *Bee Journal*, *Electrician*, *The Boys' Own*, and the *Lady's World*.

Besides the Central Library, there are *two branches* in other parts of the city, well patronized. In all, the books exceed 44,000, and the periodicals and newspapers number 444. I have entered thus fully into these details, to emphasize the fact that a thoroughly furnished reading-room, well stocked with newspapers

and periodical literature, is a most important part of a public library scheme ; and that this, as well as the more solid and special function of a public library, demands in a large town several branches with good news-rooms.

From the "total classified circulation of books" for the year 1886, it appears that out of every hundred issued,

64·4 were Fiction.

8·8 „ Juveniles.

7·3 „ History, biography, and travel.

5·2 „ Reference.

4·5 „ Periodicals.

4·3 „ Arts and sciences.

3·3 „ General literature and collected works.

0·9 „ Theology.

0·8 „ Poetry and the drama.

0·5 „ French and German.

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100·0

The report for the same year bears that there was a diminution in the circulation of "Fiction," an increase in "higher class literature," and that "Reference" had advanced nearly 25 per cent. The recently added room for "patents" in the library has been much appreciated.

Let no censorious reader conclude that because "Theology" shows a sluggish circulation, it is at a

discount in Toronto. The good people of that city have libraries in their homes. The university and colleges have tomes of Divinity. Only one day in seven can be given to Theology. Perhaps some of the citizens may sympathize with Auntie's remark to Maggie about *The Pilgrim's Progress*: "Are ye no' feared to read sic a gude book, an' this no' the Sabbath day?" And some may be of the opinion of the old Edinburgh librarian, who, when Miss Abercrombie sent her servant to "fetch the best book he had for the Sabbath day," replied, "That's easily done," and handed her a BIBLE.

The press of America is powerful and outspoken, great in sensational headings, for which a gentleman is specially engaged on the staff of every important newspaper. The following able paragraph from *Chambers's Journal* puts this matter very happily:—

"Mr. George Sala once said that American journalists rarely take anything seriously; they are perpetually trying to be smart and amusing. Few people who have even an elementary knowledge of American newspapers will call into question the truth of Mr. Sala's assertion. The American journalist is nothing if not original; and this ruling passion is strikingly exemplified in the very headlines. We have, for instance, never seen but one heading in English newspapers for those simple

announcements which never fail to interest female readers,—we mean the Births, Marriages, and Deaths. In America, however, they use such headlines as ‘Cradle,’ ‘Altar,’ ‘Tomb ;’ ‘Hatches,’ ‘Matches,’ ‘Despatches,’ and so on ; while one original genius sums up life thus — ‘Births, Flirtations, Engagements, Breakings off, Marriages, Divorces, Deaths.’ Then, instead of the familiar heading, Poetry, we find ‘Lays of the Latest Minstrel, or the Warbler’s Corner.’ The columns of clippings, however, afford scope for the most variety. One editor heads his column of jokes, ‘Render unto Scissors the Things that are Scissors ;’ while another follows with ‘Aut Scissors aut Nullus.’ ‘One Thing and Another,’ ‘Drops of Ink,’ ‘Various Topics,’ ‘Microbes,’ ‘Nuggets,’ ‘All Sorts,’ ‘Faggots,’ ‘Pressed Bricks,’ — these are a few others taken at random. ‘Hash’ is, however, perhaps the most appropriate of the lot. These headlines appear very strange to us ; yet it should not be forgotten that, nearly one hundred years ago, the *Times* published weak jokes under the extraordinary head of ‘Cuckoo !’”

The following is a cheap and cool way of getting the columns filled :—

“A subscriber, on renewing subscription to the *News*, writes, ‘I like it very much, couldn’t keep house without it.’ The interest that people take in a newspaper depends largely upon their finding



in it mention of the things that particularly interest them, and the way to have them in the paper is to *let the publisher know* of them. Of course a publisher cannot see from his desk what everybody is doing; *so hand in the local items.*"

Here are a few graphic quotations:—

"The butcher's *team* took a lively run away Monday on Pleasant Street, home by way of Union Street. Escaped with slight damage to the *cart*."

"Representative Owen voted against the Salary grab." "Cherries are in their prime, and robins appear to be happy." "The coffee market, which was making a climb to get out of poor people's way, has come back to about the old figure."

"There is one thing that can be said for tight boots, they make a man forget his other sorrows."

American newspapers are also embellished (?) with rough-and-round woodcut illustrations, and given to "interviewing," of which, as I was occasionally the subject, I say no more. The Sunday issue was in many instances the largest and raciest. On representing myself as an "occasional contributor," I was frankly received,—notably by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, proprietor of *The Tribune*, New York, who gave me the *entrée* of the "Lotos" and "Union League" Clubs of New York, and the pleasure of sharing his princely hospitality (perhaps I should use republican, but I hold to princely) in his palatial

residence on Madison Avenue. I was also favoured, during my stay in the several towns, with the privileges of the "Century Club," New York, the "St. James's," Montreal, "The Reform," Toronto, etc. I give prominence to these courtesies, as they are most acceptable to strangers, and the hint to "go and do likewise" might not be out of place.

The following quotation not only shows that the American newspapers go into pretty minute detail, but it may be interesting as a description of a modern mansion, and as such I insert it, omitting the personal references to Mr. Whitelaw Reid's family career, talents, and business habits :—

“WHITELAW REID'S MANSION.

“The home of Whitelaw Reid, the editor of *The Tribune*, is, without any doubt, one of the handsomest houses in the country. On a reduced scale it is a reproduction of an old Italian palace. It is situated at Madison Avenue and Fifty-First Street. The architecture is a mingling of Roman and Florentine styles, the stone employed being of a light-greyish colour. The frontage on the avenue is 60 feet, and the wing on Fifty-First Street is some 80 feet deep. The main hall of the house is 42 feet long, and is of inlaid woods—mahogany, satin wood, and maple wood predominating. The handsomely sculptured arches of the hall were designed by Louis Saint-Gaudens. The mantels, which contribute a further embellishment, are modelled after those found in Pompeiian palaces. The drawing-room and the music-room are on the first floor. The latter is an exquisite apartment, in white and gold, the ceiling in the shape of an elliptical vault. At one end is a stand for musicians. The upper part of the house is reached either by elevator or a white marble stairway. The dining-room is on the second floor. It is 60 by 20 feet, and finished throughout in English oak, inlaid with mahogany. The friezes are quaintly carved, and the beams which span the ceiling are cased in English oak. The decoration of the dining-room, according

to the architects, cost 20,000 dollars, those of the hall 30,000 dollars, of the music-room 20,000 dollars, and of the drawing-room 50,000 dollars. The decorations of the four principal rooms cost 120,000 dollars, a sum for which two very comfortable New York houses might easily be purchased."—*Brooklyn Times*.

America is rich in Museums, but of these I will not treat. A very interesting hour can be spent in "Independence" Hall, Philadelphia, which contains quaint memorials of America's early days,—pictures of Washington, Franklin, Penn, La Fayette; the "Bell" that rang out "Independence" 100 years ago, old armour, furniture, documents, and nick-nackets. The "Mint" at Philadelphia is also very well worth visiting, not only on account of the perfection of the machinery for making coins of various metals and current values, but from its complete museum of ancient and modern coins. A numismatist would revel in the Egyptian and Grecian examples, even the casual visitor is interested in a *bona-fide* wee "shekel of the Sanctuary," a "Queen Anne farthing," and other of the R.R.R.'s (Rare-Rare-Rare) of the old world's "current money with the merchant," as it is put in Genesis. This, like other places of public interest in America, is frankly "open to visitors." Handsome monuments adorn many cities, erected in honour of such public men as Washington, Franklin, Penn, and PRESIDENT LINCOLN, whose name is a household word in America. (*See Frontispiece.*)

## CHAPTER XIV.

### AGRICULTURE AND TIMBER.



T was with a feeling of special interest that I visited Brantford, Ontario, called the telephone city, from the fact that Professor Bell, whom Edinburgh claims as one of its own, established the first telephone in the world between a cottage, in which he lived on the banks of the Grand River, and this town, and worked out the most wonderful means of transmitting speech yet known. Here is also one of the earliest Indian homes and schools on the old reserved territory of the famous Mohawks; and in the town is a very handsome monument to the Indian chief Joseph Brant, who so effectually befriended the British in 1812.

In my early days I was wont to visit a relative whose famous shorthorn cattle, "Andrew" and "Jenny Lind," took first prizes, and I can recall their huge bulk and fine points. I also knew that in 1875-76, three cows of that breed, "Airdrie Duchesses," brought 18,000, 21,000, and 23,000 dollars

respectively (£3600, £4200, and £4600 sterling), at public sales in the old Crystal Palace grounds in Toronto, Ontario ; and that one of the finest, if not the finest, herd of pure-bred shorthorn cattle in the world had been established by the late lamented Hon. George Brown at Bowpark, on the banks of the Grand River, about four miles from Brantford, and is now the property of Messrs. Thomas Nelson & Sons, Edinburgh.

The herd numbers between 200 and 300, and includes several animals that have never been beaten in the prize ring. It is constantly being reinforced by the first prize-winners of the herds of Britain and elsewhere, and a glance at the stock carries home the conviction of its excellence. Fancy the late fourth "Duke of Clarence" weighing 2870 lbs. ; others even exceeding that weight, animals for which £2000 would not be taken ; and heifers of two years old for which £1000 is readily obtained. Even to one little acquainted with cattle, the straight backs, the grand shoulders, the breadth of the hind-quarters, told their tale, while symmetry and style characterized all the herd. The stables and yards were models of cleanly airiness, and the whole farm, consisting of about 1000 acres, is in a state of high cultivation. The future of the stock of America will be largely affected by such establishments, and the proprietors have been singularly fortunate in their



manager, Mr. John Hope, who knows every member of the herd almost as a father does his children, and can screeed off their pedigrees, histories, and victories with ready accuracy.

The following paragraph from the *Toronto Globe* of June 1887 will doubtless be found interesting:—

“CANADIAN-BRED SHORTHORNS.

“ . . . The tendency of late years has been to breed with the sole object of producing the highest excellence of form, and intelligent breeders only employ their knowledge of fashionable strains as a means to this end. Of course purity of blood is necessary to the production of high-priced animals, but in these days a family or strain becomes fashionable because it produces first-class individuals, while a dozen years ago animals brought fancy prices almost regardless of their individual qualities, because they came of fashionable families. By a little shrewd management it was comparatively easy to ‘corner’ the produce of this or that fashionable family, and fabulous prices were often the outcome of such management. Now, however, that the nearest approach to perfection of form (coupled of course with pure breeding) has become the desideratum of the shorthorn breeder, high prices that are amply remunerative have been established, and they rest upon a much broader and sounder basis than heretofore. Take, for example, four sales of females recently made from the Bow Park herd, which, as all shorthorn breeders know, has long been under the supervision of Mr. John Hope. Of the four, two were two-year-olds, one a yearling, and one a calf seven months old, and the lot aggregated 16,000 dols., an average of 4000 dols. each. ‘Duchess of Brant,’ ‘Duchess of Brant 3rd,’ and ‘Duchess of Brant 5th’ were sold to Colonel King, of Minneapolis, Minn., and ‘Duchess of Oxford 26th’ was sold to Mr. C. E. Wakeman, of Pontiac, Mich. All these heifers were bred at Bow Park. Ontario breeders have good reason to feel proud of having such a stock farm; and as long as such prices are to be had, shorthorn breeders have no reason to say that their business is in any sense ‘played out.’ ”

Brantford is a thriving, busy, cleanly town, stand-



ing in the heart of a well-cultivated district, and abounds in well-built churches of all persuasions. Around the principal square cluster fine buildings; in its centre, cast from the cannon taken, I think, from the French, stands the bronze monument already referred to of Joseph Brant, in Indian costume and feathers, and on market days Indians display and dispose of their wares in the streets. I saw a few of these natives, and had a glance at their settlement, but they are fast disappearing or being amalgamated with the dominant race. From a lady in the locality, whose warm heart is drawn out towards them in deeds of kindness, I heard of the difficulty of approaching them, of their shyness, which she cannot remove. On one occasion, when going to Toronto, one attached herself to her, kept by her doggedly, but was shrewd enough to tell, when a cab fare was paid, "Too much, too much—man cheat you—me go get back—give to you—GOOD SQUAW."

Brantford is famous, amongst other things, for the manufacture of agricultural implements, in the variety and "nackiness" and adaptability of which—tell it not in Sheffield, publish it not in the streets of Birmingham—our Transatlantic cousins "lick creation."

Time did not admit of my going through the workshops of Brantford, but I paid a visit to those of the Massey Company, Toronto, whose "reaper

and light binder" did exploits upon the farms of Fentonbarns and Ferrygate, East Lothian, in 1886. The workshops cover nearly eight acres; they have turned out over one hundred thousand of these machines, are still sending them off as smartly as they can make them, and were despatching thirty to Scotland on the day of my visit. I pronounce no opinion on the relative merits of this and other agricultural implements of the same nature; indeed, the makers saved me all trouble in this respect by declaring theirs to be "out of sight the best in the world," and farmers of my acquaintance find them suit admirably. This I can say, that I never saw better machinery for engineering purposes than this company has, or more care taken that every separate part shall be exactly made to a certain model, so that any duplicate of any portion shall precisely fit the same place. They make their own tools, keep the timber in stack to season three or four years, use largely malleable cast-iron, so that castings, although apparently light, are really stronger than heavier ones in ordinary cast-iron.

Although I knew that the timber trade of America was enormous, I was hardly prepared for the immense stocks that, not only in large cities, but alongside all railways and rivers throughout the country, covered large fields with huge logs, sleepers, beams, boards, "stobs and rails," lathe,

and "shingles;" the latter are used for roofing instead of slates, and stand and "fend" well.

The application of the terms "wood" and "lumber" is the reverse of that common in Britain. A proprietor of one of the enormous timber yards would feel insulted by being spoken of as a wood merchant, for that in America means a dealer in firewood and what Englishmen call lumber. He would even prefer to be spoken of as in the "lumber" rather than in the timber trade. Awkward mistakes have been made in such matters. The wealthy proprietor of an extensive calendering establishment in Glasgow, in which he had a great many employés, was innocently asked by a country friend "if it was a big mangle he kept, or had he twa?" for all that the decent man knew about the occupation was gathered from two signs in the village, one of which bore "A mangle kept here," the other "Calendering done here by the hour or piece," and both establishments were alike inside, with squeaking wheels and junking, stone-filled boxes.

I was kindly shown over one "sawmill" by its energetic proprietor, where nearly 200 people were employed. The logs were hauled out of a creek in the river—down which they had floated from the upper reaches, where the backwoodsmen felled them—into the upper floor of the mill, the under

flat being occupied by the "gearing." They were smartly marked for cross-cutting, travelled on by machinery; a saw from the under flat was then raised, and the ragged end cut off; the log was rolled on to a travelling carriage, on which a man stood controlling a "lever and ratchet motion," by which he could regulate the thickness of the plank to be cut; the outer "slab-wood" was passed on to make "shingles" for roofing; if not suitable for that, it was made to yield what "lathe" it could; the "waste" was cut into short lengths, lifted by an elevator into a drying-loft, thence, when dry, bundled by hydraulic machinery into "cheeses" for firewood, tied up for sale, and packed into railway waggons alongside.

There were also machines for planing, "grooving and feathering," box-making, all going at great speed, with automatic travelling and feeding appliances. Sawdust was the only fuel used, and the resulting ash was utilized agriculturally. On complimenting the proprietor upon the admirable using up of every scrap, he said, "Yes, we sell everything but the *noise*. I wish we could sell it—would make a fortune soon." I quite agreed with him—the rasping and hissing and clanking were deafening, and the "pace" of all employés smart—very. I was told the thousands of feet turned out per day, but fear to record it. "Give me," said the pro-

prietor at parting, "to-day the plan of a house or shed, and I'll have the timber—ready to be put together—in the trucks to-morrow."

"Prodigious!" thought I; "Prodigious!" said I; "Prodigious!" think I still.

The question of the exhaustion of the forests is being talked of, as well as the effect upon the climate of clearing the timber from such large tracts of land. The woods along the railway tracks bear evidence of their being of recent growth. Where they are "primeval," the numbers of fallen trees lying in all positions, decaying or decayed, moss-grown and creeper-clad, afford picturesque and artistic "bits," while streams meander among them "at their own sweet will." State Legislatures are making forest "reservations," granting lands for timber cultivation on easy terms, and some of them are not above gravely discussing the "fixing" or changing of "Arbor Day," on which every citizen is expected to plant at least one tree, thus carrying out old Dumbiedykes' dying advice to his son: "Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye stickin' in a tree; it'll be growing, Jock, when you're sleepin'."

The "Vandyked," angular, crude rail fences of the older cultivated States have a homely picturesqueness all their own; but the modern method of fencing, with its hideous posts, fiddle-string wires,

and barbed top lines, does not improve the landscape. There are few hedgerows—those exquisite lines of quivering green that deck as well as divide the fields of the Old World, and make a country look compact and tidy ; there are also great gaps untilled, ungainly ; forest marshes and marshy forests ; an aspect of neglectedness, almost waste-fulness ; and a general want of that “finish,” which long cultivation alone produces. Truly does John Burroughs write in “Fresh Fields” :—

“We leave wide margins and ragged edges in this country, and both man and nature sprawl about at greater length than in the Old World.” . . . “The first whiff we got of transatlantic nature was the peaty breath of the peasant chimneys of Ireland, while we were yet many miles at sea. What a home-like fireside smell it was ! It seemed to make something long forgotten stir within one. One recognises it as a characteristic Old World odour ; it savours so of the soil, and of a ripe and mellow antiquity. I know no other fuel that yields so agreeable a perfume as peat. . . .”

“It takes a good many foul days in Scotland to breed one fair one ; but when the fair day comes, it is worth the price paid for it. Scotch sunshine is bewitching, and the scenery of the Clyde is unequalled by any other approach in Europe. It is Europe abridged and assorted, and passed before you in the space of a few hours ; the highlands, and lochs, and castle-crowned crags, on the one hand ; and the lowlands, with their parks and farms, their manor halls and matchless verdure, on the other. It is a pastoral paradise. One sees at once why this fragrant Old World has so dominated the affections and the imagination of our artists and poets ; it is saturated with human qualities ; it is unctuous with the ripeness of ages, the very marrow-fat of time.”



## CHAPTER XV.

### MANUFACTURES AND TRADE.



THE manufacturing industries of America are going forward by "leaps and bounds." Her immense rivers are being utilized all over the vast continent for water-power. This is generally done by a syndicate or corporation, which erects the damheads, weirs, sluices, etc., and maintains them, guaranteeing to those who may lease "power" from them a regular supply at a yearly rent of from eighteen to nineteen shillings per horse-power. At Holyoke, Massachusetts, 30,000 horse-power is thus let out to cotton, paper, and other mills. I visited one cotton mill there, employing 1800 persons, turning out four million pounds of cotton yarn or cloth in the year, and already supplanting British manufacturers in Western and Southern America, and others in Easthampton, Mass., and Lancaster, Penn., fitted with the most improved machinery, and "birring" away vigorously.

In these and other works where steam power was

employed, the engines consisted of few parts, had "Corliss" or other modern cut-off valves, were constructed on the "expansion" principle, with small but effective "governors," and were purpose-like, effective machines. The motive power was generated in boilers, having a large number of small tubes as internal flues, and it was transmitted direct from the "fly-wheel" to the shafting by huge, wide belts. But I will not attempt further technical details. In engineering establishments I found fine machinery doing fine work.

At Joliet, Illinois, I was shown over steel-works which turn out 800 tons of steel rails daily, and saw the "burning fiery furnaces," belching out flame and sparks, "canted" over, and their molten contents poured into huge moulds; saw the "ingots" re-heated and rolled, and rolled, and rolled again, until the perfect rail appeared; saw bits of steel as large as a man's body cut through "like cheese,"—rails cross-cut into lengths by a saw in a second. Need I add that all was done by machinery, cleverly, correctly, but certainly NOT quietly.

A prominent feature of American towns is the huge mechanical grain "elevators," plain barn-like erections, towering up to 100 feet of one width, and suddenly becoming narrower at the top storey, where the gearing is placed.

A recently-built one is thus described :—

“The yard will hold 300 to 400 railway cars, and two lines of rail run from the outside yard, inside the elevator building—one side of this being to the railway, and the other on the river canal. The building is 312 ft. long, 84 ft. wide, and 130 ft. high. Machinery is driven by a 400 horse-power engine. It is divided into 150 bins, 65 ft. deep, each with a storage capacity of 1,250,000 bushels. Ten railway cars on each line of rails, or twenty altogether, can be in the building and unloading at one time, and this is done under fifteen minutes. The grain is lifted direct from the car to the top of the building, poured into a large hopper scale, *weighed*, and spouted at once into the bins of same quality. Four hundred truck loads are unloaded in a day in this place, and its facilities for loading into ships, or again into cars, are equally great, the grain being spouted into the hold direct, or into the cars.”

A visitor from Britain soon discovers in America that distinctions are less clearly drawn; there is great freedom of speech, more interchange of little courtesies between employer and employed, and more at-homeness in social matters than in older countries. This has led to a frankness of intercourse and interchange of opinion which has often resulted in the discovery and application of improved methods of work, and partly accounts for the handiness of many mechanical appliances; and, combined with the high rates of wages, it has developed the labour-saving contrivances characteristic of America. These are “legion,” and include getting a wooden house upon a bogey and shifting it bodily to a different site.

I saw one which had been three times moved ;

the proprietor had been lucky enough to get an "early lot" near the business centre of a thriving town, which rose so largely in value as to command a tempting sum. He sold the site and moved the house to another lot, which he also disposed of well.

Again he shifted his moving tent to his own great advantage, and I saw the same house of two storeys on its way to a new locality. The cellar part, upon which the house proper rested, was of brick; under this the bogey was placed, the front wall having been sufficiently taken down to admit of its being got in; the loading and "fixing" were smartly done, and in the morning it stood on a new site, half a mile distant from the old one, solidly and whole.

Many of the waggons or lorries had hand-cranes upon them, and I saw an immense stone, at least two tons weight, quietly tackled and loaded by two men and the "windlass." I have seen twenty men fighting, and straining, and "peching" over a similar job in Britain, with pinches, and crowbars, and "heels," and "miller's lifts," taking three times the time, greater risks, and making noise enough to "deave a miller." Why have we not "crab-winchers" on old-world lorries? Why, verily?

The fire-engine stations of America deserve a visit. The engines are all "steam-power," and have fires ready to be lighted the instant the alarm is given. Horses are always ready to be harnessed. The

alarm of fire is given by an electric machine, which also actuates a spring that loosens the horses. They trot immediately to their places in the engine, captain's gig, horse reel, and escape car. The harness is hung from the roof, dropped instantly on the animals, and fastened by *two* applications of the attendant's hand. In seven seconds all are ready to start. I was in a station when a "trial" alarm was given. Before the sound was out of my ears the engine was ready for the run; the firemen, in full uniform, had slid down from the upper flat by a rope and were in their respective places. The horses were quivering and munching their bits, eager to be off, and they looked sold, and insulted, and as like *disgusted* as well-bred horses could, when they had to slink back to their stalls. When they do take the road, don't they just go! The fire bell is well known, the track "given" to them, and they thunder quickly along, the engine fire blazing, sparks flying, steam hissing, and all ready for action as soon as they reach the scene of the fire.

I paid considerable attention to the manufacture of paper in America, but I spare the general reader the infliction which a blue-book report on that subject would be. In all branches of that industry I found Holyoke, Mass.; Appleton and Neenaw, Wisconsin; Lancaster, Penn.; Wilmington, Delaware, Philadelphia, and many other places far

advanced, and in every mill I visited I was warmly welcomed, had every operation and process fully explained, every question fully answered, and every facility afforded me for getting information on all points. For these, and much hearty hospitality and thoughtful kindness, I sincerely thank those members of the co-fraternity I was privileged to meet in the New World.

They have abundance of land to begin with, and build roomy, substantial mills, handily arranged to save labour. Mechanical wood pulp is largely and cleverly used. They have numberless nick-nacks for doing mechanically and cheaply what is done in Britain by hand, *and* they are happily as yet free from that dreadful "pollution question," about which—well, about which—the less said the better. They have also fine machinery, and the power of production is so rapidly increasing that I think they not only need no "protection," but within ten years they will be sturdy competitors in all the markets of the world.

"Meddling with the tariff" is a sore point with the Eastern and New England States, which have thriven so rapidly under its—to them—kindly auspices; but to the western farmer and southern planter, who have to sell their produce in the open markets of the world, and buy clothing, machinery, etc., at prices enhanced by protective duties, it



means, and actually is, "throttling," and as the population of the West and South increases, there must be changes.

No employment of labour or capital in America will tell so profitably or so directly upon its every interest as the development of the enormous resources of its rich soil ; and its other immense natural advantages should make it fear no rival. Protective duties have acted, and are acting, against the self-adjusting laws of demand and supply, as well as diverting capital into channels which the abolition of protection will dry up.

America's ambition "to supply the wants of the world" might be so nearly gratified by her adoption of free trade, that it is doubtful if Britain should long for this as much as she generally does. Already American enterprise and capital have gone far to make that country independent of foreign supplies. In itself it can, from the range of its climate, raise almost anything from the tropics to the poles. Its mineral wealth is becoming daily more apparent and amazing. Coal is being found in practically inexhaustible quantities, in mountains or in mines so near the surface that it can be cheaply got out. Natural gases have only to be controlled in order to make them sources of power and light. Iron ore, containing 90 per cent. of excellent iron, with coal and lime overlying it, handy for smelting purposes,

can be blasted from the sides of the mountains. Every metal, excepting tin, abounds in rich lodes, and rumour says that abundant tin has been struck. Salt, sulphur, and soda are found by the square mile.

Her vast seaboard, excellent harbours, immense navigable rivers, and growing network of railways, do the work of distribution cheaply; the surplus populations of the Eastern and Western Worlds are pouring in; there are two millions of square miles still to be colonized, and the increase of the present population from 50 millions to 1000 millions would not give the average population per square mile of some older and poorer countries. There are no war taxes, and none likely to be needed; there is no military conscription swallowing up, as in Europe, so much of the time and energies of young men; there is practically equality, freedom, and elbow-room. In Emerson's phrase, "America is another name for opportunity." And in Dr. Strong's work, *Our Country*, occur these sentences:—

"The United States raises one-half of the gold and silver of the world's supply. Iron ore is mined in twenty-three of our States. When storing away the fuel of ages, God knew the place and work to which He had appointed us, and gave to us twenty times as much of this concrete power as to all the peoples of Europe. Among the nations ours is the youngest, the Benjamin, and, Benjamin-like, we have received a five-fold portion."

"Since pre-historic times, populations have moved steadily westward. The world's sceptre passed from Persia to Greece, from Greece

to Italy, from Italy to Great Britain; and from Great Britain the sceptre is to-day departing. It is passing on to 'Greater Britain,' to our mighty West, there to remain, for *there is no farther West*—beyond is the Orient."

Such is a sample of what Americans think and write about their great country. I will not enlarge upon the darker side of the picture—"Socialism," "The Knights of Labour;" the difficulty of getting the heterogeneous elements of all nationalities to amalgamate; the grumblings, loud and deep, against "millionaires," and those who, by "bears," or "bulls," or "booms," enrich themselves at the expense of the many; "the liquor traffic," the mammon worship of the mighty dollar, and other "incidents of fallen humanity;" but close this mixture of a chapter with a few verses from *The Biglow Papers*, "Jonathan to John," written twenty-five years ago:—


"We own the ocean tu, John!  
You mustn't take it hard  
Ef we can't think with you, John,  
It's jest your own backyard.

We ain't so weak and poor, John,  
With twenty million people,  
An' close to every door, John,  
A schoolhouse an' a steeple.

God means to make this land, John,  
Clear thru from sea to sea,  
Believe an' understand, John,  
The *wuth* o' being free."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### SCOTS IN AMERICA.

 AMERICA teems with persons of Scottish birth and descent. They seem popular, and are credited with a happy readiness in not only making themselves at home there, but making it the better of them; and need I add that the “cannie” Scot generally contrives to make himself a good deal the better of it. I did not attempt to reach the representative Scotsman said to be found at the North Pole, but I found his brothers plentifully scattered over every corner, from Quebec to Western Iowa, from Boston to St. Louis—honourable and honoured. In Chicago I heard the Scotsman defined as “a man that keeps the Sabbath day, and everything else he can lay his hands on,” and in Washington, “as a steady, up-hill climbing sort of a crittur, that got what he tried to reach, and kept mighty tite hold of it if he did not carry ‘whusky’ with him.” I often experienced the truth of the saying, “This is a little world after all,” as I met old friends, or was recognised

as a "kent face," by eyes and hearts that glowed as we spoke of the thistle, the heather, and the tartan.

I met with such an amount of courteous hospitality from my fellow-countrymen throughout my entire tour, that it seems invidious to select individual instances ; but I venture to mention with special pleasure the kindness shown by Senator James Beck, of Kentucky, during my stay at Washington. He is a native of Scotland, but has virtually always lived in America, is one of her most honoured statesmen, a strong free-trader, and a Liberal of the Liberals. Alike in the city and in his home he was most attentive. Nor can I in this connection omit W. R. Smith, Esq., curator of the Botanic Gardens at Washington, an East Lothian man, great on the naturalization of the vegetable productions of other countries, great in street and city ornamentation by trees, and especially great on "Robert Burns." He has a complete library of all the editions of Burns, wherever published, of all books where Burns is a prominent theme. I suspect he played a "special correspondent's" joke on me in a leading American journal, but I frankly forgive him for the bard's sake.

It was gratifying to observe the large number of Scotsmen who occupy positions of eminence and trust in America. In New York I met Mr. Robert Carter, a genial octogenarian, the founder of the great publishing firm of Robert Carter & Brothers,

and listened with pleasure to his account of the struggles and victories of his early days: on the "gingham" loom at Earlston; in the Seceder Divinity Hall under grand old Dr. Lawson of Selkirk; as assistant "dominie" in Peebles; of his success as a teacher at New York; of his intended wife's relatives' entire respect for himself, but fear lest his profession might not yield a sufficient maintenance for a household; of his early start with a small capital as a bookseller, and publishing such old favourites as Boston's *Crook in the Lot*; of his ready-money principles; his bringing his father's family out; his well-earned success; his sixty years' intercourse with eminent authors and men: all told modestly and thankfully in words that showed great literary culture, sterling integrity, and devout thankfulness to God for all He had helped him to be and to do. It was like "sitting at the feet of Gamaliel."

In leading banking and railway circles on Wall Street and William Street were many Scots, and in commercial and literary circles they are in the front rank. Even the genius of poetry has followed D. MacGregor Crerar, James Kennedy, and others to the land of their adoption. I regret that space does not admit of the insertion of more of the "wood-notes wild" which I heard from their lips, when privileged to sit in the "poets' bower," than the following verses written upon a lovely tree which



adorns the lawn of Grace Church, New York ; during my visit it was in full bloom and formed the ornament of Broadway, that busiest of busy streets:—

“O lovely tree, magnolia tree !  
 Of peerless splendour, fresh and fair,  
 Thy beauty fills my heart with joy,  
 Thy balmy fragrance fills the air.  
 Thou art like handsome bride arrayed  
 In robes of spotless purity ;  
 Thy blushes chaste as they are sweet,  
 O charming tree, magnolia tree !

With blithesome smile thou greetest May,  
 Wreathed in thy glory and thy pride ;  
 Thy graceful garb of richest green  
 Thou wear'st far down the autumn-tide.  
 Long may'st thou flourish, cheering aye  
 The hearts of all who gaze on thee ;  
 A sunshine and delight art thou,  
 O charming tree, magnolia tree !”

May 10th, 1883.

D. MACGREGOR CRERAR.

In the Church are Dr. Ormiston, Dr. Wm. M. Taylor, and others, loved and loving ; and all throughout my tour I found the “children of the mist” clear-headed, open-hearted, and thriving.

On the prairies of Iowa I found Scotsmen making the wilderness blossom as the rose, pre-eminently the farm of Blairgowrie, where Mr. Adamson of that ilk in Scotland, has 2400 acres under cultivation, with a farm-steading and stock of all kinds that would do credit to any county in Great Britain. In Chicago I found on the stock yards, in the produce exchange, and amongst her merchants, manufacturers,

stores, and millers, energetic Scotsmen, trusted and true ; while in their homes, as Prince Aldfrid wrote of Ireland more than a thousand years ago,—

“I found in Meath’s fair principality  
Virtue, vigour, and hospitality ;  
Candour, joyfulness, bravery, purity,  
Ireland’s bulwark and security.”

In manufactures I found in Philadelphia, in Appleton, Wis., in Boston, Holyoke, and East-hampton, Mass., in Lancaster, Penn., in Joliet, Illinois, and other places, proprietors of large thriving works, or managing members of important corporations, or superintendents of immense factories, that hailed from Scotland, and were serving their generation nobly by worthily holding up her old blue banner.

In Canada I found Sir John A. Macdonald, Prime Minister, full of vigour, full of fight, and full of bonhomie ; the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, ex-Premier, who had for long served the Dominion faithfully, but is, alas ! far from being strong ; and the Hon. James Ferrier, of Montreal, despite his eighty-seven years of age, not only in the complete possession of every faculty, but keeping these in such incessant, unwearying exercise in the Senate, at the Council Boards of University and Corporation, etc., as to shame younger men—active, alert, courteous, genial, and truly great.

I cannot dwell upon the learned principals, reverend doctors, or able lawyers ; nor do more than wish good sport to the keen curlers, enthusiastic golfers, crack oarsmen, or good shots, of Scottish descent with whom I rubbed shoulders in the Dominion.

One incident of my visit to Ottawa redounds so much to the credit, alike of the living and the recently dead, that I venture to relate it more fully than such private conversations generally warrant. Finding, on reaching the river Rideau in the southern part of that city, that the picturesque waterfall, formed by its plunging over a ragged ledge into the Ottawa river, could be best seen from an engineering establishment erected upon a corner of land bordering on both rivers, I asked the proprietor, Mr. Paterson, to allow me to pass through his works.

His face beamed on hearing his native "Doric," and, grasping my hand warmly, he replied in pure West of Scotland speech and accent, "Let you see the Falls?—wi' a' my heart. You're a countryman o' mine, an' I'm proud to meet you. I've been thirty years in this country, and I'm as Scotch as ever. 'Deed I'm a kind o' a far-away friend o' the poet Burns. My grandmother was Mirren Armour, an' his wife was Jean Armour, an' they were cousins."

He took me to the points whence the brawling cascade and rapids could be seen to best advantage, and even in this land of Falls they are well worthy



FALLS OF THE RIDEAU, OTTAWA.



of a visit. On my apologizing for trespassing on his time, he warmly said, "You're no hinderin' me in the least ;—I'm heart glad to see a' Scotch folk, especially them that come to see 'our' Falls. I'm no' needin' to work noo unless I like, but I canna thole (bear) to be idle. Man, I would like to show you the town ; it'll be a real pleasure for me to gang wi' ye."

I thanked him, and explained that I had accepted Principal Munro's invitation to spend part of the forenoon seeing his classes and methods in Central West school, and was leaving for Montreal in the afternoon. In our further conversation, he spoke of his early days in Scotland, and told that after spending fully twenty-five years in America, he re-visited his native land. On the Sabbath after his arrival he went to hear his old minister, Dr. George Jeffrey, of London Road United Presbyterian Church, Glasgow, and thus described what took place :—" He wasna called Doctor when I joined his kirk, but only plain Mr. George. I was forward in good time, and told the gentleman that was stan'in' at the 'plate' in the lobby, that I had been connected wi' the congregation five-an'-twenty years ago, and I inquired about a lot o' the elders an' the members that I knew in my young days, but they were maistly a' dead.

"I was put into the minister's ain pew, and when he came in I saw little odds on him. He was aulder-



like, but there wasna a failed inch o' him, and I hadna heard a sermon like what he preached since I heard himsel'. It was fu' o' matter, an' direc'. After the service was over, a message came for me to come to the vestry. The Doctor gave me a good firm shake o' the hand, and, looking into my face, said, 'I think I can tell your name,—you're a Paterson.'

“‘Quite right, Doctor.’

“‘And I think I can tell your Christian name,—it's Matthew.’

“‘Quite right again,’ said I. After a crack about old days, and how I was gettin' on, an' my friends an' his, I said, 'Dr. Jeffrey, how does it happen that your bow, as far as I can judge, abides about its full strength, when sae mony o' the gude auld elders and members are in the ither world?'

“‘Because,’ said he, 'the Lord has been my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower. Let us bless His name together.' We both went down on our knees in the vestry, and such a prayer I never heard, and never will forget. I've often thought of writing to the Doctor. If you see him, will ye tell him that you saw me, and that we're a' weel, and that I send him my VERY BEST respec's.”

I promised to do so as we parted. The first thing I saw in the newspapers, on the morning of my

arrival in Scotland, was the announcement that Dr. George Jeffrey was dead.

I will not even attempt to enumerate the men of mettle with whom I came into contact that crossed over to this "immense subject" from the "land o' cakes," and have left, and are still leaving, their mark on every department of its life and work. And, while loyal to America and its institutions, they keep fresh the memories of "Auld lang syne," by Caledonian, St. Andrew's, Burns, Thistle, and other clubs, formed for mutual help and social intercourse, as well as by gala days for Highland sports and games.

I would miserably fail were I to attempt to picture the wives and daughters of my countrymen in America. Even Burns would have modified his expression about

"Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses  
For honest men and bonnie lasses,"

had he come under the spell of many of these "Flowers o' the Forest." I therefore dismiss this theme as far beyond my power. Will I venture to repeat what TWO worthy ladies told me as "a queer farce"? Shortly after their settlement in America, and while their *mother-tongue* was pure, they took seaside quarters at Newhaven, Connecticut, and asked the landlady if they could be supplied with meals,—pronouncing the word, as is done in the west of Scotland, "males."

The landlady's look of horror drew out, "Ye manna be understanding us, its 'mate' (meat) we want."

"Males! and 'mate!' that's worse and worse.—Whatever do you mean?"

"Ye dinna understand us yet. It's board, it's victuals, it's food to eat we want," was the threefold explanation, which put all right. The joke was too good to be stifled, and many a laugh they and their friends have had over the "males" and the "mate" of Newhaven.

Well may Scotland be proud of her children in the West; well may America rejoice over such good subjects and good citizens. Next to a Scottish birth, a Scottish pedigree is often a matter of boasting, even back into the regions of the Covenanting or Chevalier times. The personal kindness heaped upon me I will not attempt to embody in words; these have been, all through my tour, constant, thoughtful, and hearty. In this connection I would do my American cousins great injustice, did I not thankfully record that they, equally with my fellow-countrymen, have commanded my admiring gratitude by the uniformly hospitable courtesy with which I have everywhere been met during my rambles on the great continent of America.

There is a healthy absence of restrictive conventionalities and class distinctions in America,—pedigree and occupation are largely matters of social

indifference. What a man is, or has, or has done, makes or mars him. Gentlemen carry parcels which Britons would "feel" to be seen with, and seem fond of pushing their children in a perambulator in the evening, or on Sunday afternoons. *Materfamilias* has to do more household work, for American "domestic helps" (called servants in Britain) have Republican ideas, and carry them out. No American female domestic, and practically I believe no American wife, will brush any "*man's*" boots. Why "the brightening of the *understandings*" has been made the flag of the citadel of woman's rights, I leave to inquisitive sociologists? Luckily bootblacks of the rougher sex abound, and the domestic "*bête noire*" being known, the want of polish at the extremities from "Day & Martin," or other "blacking," is understood and socially condoned, while some old fellow can generally be found to act as a peripatetic "*Shine*."

In my opinion, American women work hard, and to good purpose, "putting to" hands where British females look on. It is more of "come, and *we* will," than "go, and do." I found a smart, good-looking lassie, the daughter of the house, scrubbing a "store" floor. The family was small, had £700 a year from property, all *free*, besides a good business. On being twitted by two young lady friends, who dropped in, she answered, "Why not? I like it, and do it better than anybody we ever had do it. It is good exercise, and saves half a dollar. Jim works," pointing to her

brother, who was parcelling away with his shirt sleeves rolled up, "and why shouldn't I?" She wore her silks and rings at proper times, gracefully, and all the happier that she earned them. Several incidents of this kind showed that working, real working, was very general. Every lady trained her daughters to practical house-work, as well as to house-keeping.

It was perhaps natural that I should have been more impressed with the appearance of the American women than of the men,—policemen excepted. As a whole, the ladies seemed statelier, more "duchess-like," more robustious, *Scotticé* "sonsier," but less rosy-cheeked and blooming, than their British sisters. They had more self-possession, more affability, possibly more self-assertion, and a great power of expressing in few words exactly what they meant; but this is ticklish ground, therefore I leave it. Born Americans spoke well, used fewer Saxon and more imported words than British people; accent was observedly nasal, but there was little waste of speech; conversation may have seemed curt, but it was always courteous; and there was a frankness of intercourse alike pleasing and helpful to a stranger.

The "pros" and "cons" of Republicanism *versus* Monarchy were seldom referred to by native Americans; and those of the imported element, who were most outspoken and "tallest" in their talk on the subject, did not strike me as being well-informed or representative men. Their hobby-horse was "the

expense of the Queen and the Royal Family," and they did not know that the revenue from lands—the private property of the Crown—nearly met all this. A comparison of the cost of government, with paid Presidents, governors, senators, and representatives, was in favour of Britain. Besides, it is difficult to estimate the cost, direct and indirect, of a presidential election,—indirect particularly, for canvassing and "stumping" go on constantly, and are costly.

A change of President every four years has been, in the past, and still to some extent now is, accompanied by great changes in public officials, high and low, tending to lower the class from which they are drawn ; for men doing well in their own trade or profession will not accept office for such a short period, while the persons appointed are apt to make good use, for themselves, of the short term. Happily, in Britain, there has been (excuse the term) a perpetual president for the past fifty years,—loving and loved—"Our NOBLE QUEEN," and long may she reign. There will be no canvassing or confusion as to the succession ; and where Her Majesty by conferring a "title" honours Literature in Lord Tennyson, Politics in the Earl of Beaconsfield and Lord Sherbrooke, Engineering in Lord Brassey, Medicine in Sir Andrew Clark or Sir James Simpson, Art in Sir J. Noel Paton, etc., we stake triumphant Monarchy against triumphant Democracy, and repeat "with heart and voice, GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."



I cannot linger over the beauties of May-day on the margin of Lake Champlain with its chirling constant whistling of bull-frogs, its mountain surroundings of The Adirondacks, and the green Hills of Vermont, or on the rugged passes about Lake George, or the Hudson with its immense ice stores (Americans are "great" for ice), and enchanting surroundings of "the Catskills" and "palisades." Nor did I see the beauties of the "Fall" season, but keep that before me as a "Pleasure of Hope."

Since my return I have been asked if I had any "swashbuckler" or "bowie-knife" or "revolver" experience? *No*; ten times no!!! Once or twice, gentlemen (?) known to the police accosted me warmly, "delighted to see you," "knew your father intimately," "at your service gladly." I got quit of them very quickly by asking a loan of 50 dollars. In closing these "Bits," I confess to various sins of omission and commission, but detailing these would only further exhaust the reader's patience. May Anglo-Saxondom, Eastern and Western, co-operate in hastening Tennyson's dream of the future:—

"Till the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are  
furled

In the Parliament of man, the federation of the world."





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Author ..... Strathesk, John

Title ..... Bits about America.

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